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The Week

AS the New Year starts a grave threat overhangs the peace of the world and the welfare of its peoples. The German Republic has hopelessly defaulted on its obligations under the Treaty of Versailles. Instead of paying its creditors it is crying for assistance from abroad in order to prevent its people from starving. It must be released from any obligations to pay for a period of years. The French admit the necessity of a moratorium, but they charge Germany with a wilful plunge into bankruptcy, and they insist on seizing guarantees for future payment which will within their opinion prevent the Germans from defaulting again. The guarantees which they propose are of several different kinds. They are considering the administrative control of the Rhineland and its separation from the rest of Germany by a customs barrier. They wish to include within this barrier at least a part of the Ruhr coal field and industrial district so that the German people can be taxed upon the goods which are absolutely necessary to their economic subsistence. Finally they propose to appropriate the material resources of Germany in the way of mines and forests with the idea of selling the products for the benefit of the creditors.

WHETHER or not the French will execute any or all of these threats is a matter about which equally well-informed persons disagree. The French would probably prefer to continue and use the power which they possess to do what they will with a defaulting and defenseless Germany as a threat which they could flourish and be regularly paid for refusing to exercise. But probably in the present instance these familiar tactics will not work. The British government is likely to insist on a moratorium and to refuse as compensation its consent to any extension of the existing guarantees. The Poincaré ministry will fall if it accepts the British conditions. Under these circumstances there is a grave danger that the French will take some kind of oppressive action at the expense of German independence and security. Whatever they do will be disguised as a mere economic precaution which a prudent creditor takes against a defaulting debtor. They will represent their action to be one which possesses no military or political significance. But, however innocent it is made to appear, its veritable meaning would be only too clear and would eventually be written out in blood and tears. It would constitute a step in the permanent political and economic subjection of the German to the French nation which would be disastrous to both peoples and as long as it was continued would keep Europe hopelessly diseased.

IF the French government has decided to seize these guarantees there is no way of compelling it to stop. But the refusal to compel it to stop does not mean that the British and American governments should stand by and permit France to commit without protest this international crime. They should send to the French government a joint note in which they expressed emphatic disapproval of its conduct. They should serve notice that as long as France persisted in following a policy of terror, she could not expect any economic assistance from London or New York. They should,

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if possible, publish these protests before rather than after the French government had acted in the hope that public opinion in France would shrink from the risks which the government is taking. The first week in January will witness one of the great crises of modern history. If France undertakes the administration of the Rhineland or seizes the Ruhr, she will have entered upon a course as intrinsically wrong and as disastrous to herself and to Europe as the German army did when it invaded Belgium. So it should be treated. The policy of terrorism and violence must cease. Great Britain and America should take no steps to buy her off. If it is a bluff, the bluff should be called; and if it is not a bluff, the French people should be fully informed in advance as to the consequences of their government's wickedness.

THIS is strong language, but the occasion justifies the words. France is involved in grave financial difficulties, from which she cannot be extricated without British and American assistance, but there is no wholesome way of rendering assistance to France except by restoring Germany and enabling Germany to pay. The proposed French policy of violence would make it impossible for Germany ever to pay. By adopting it, France would cancel the wrong which Germany has done to her by doing if not a greater, at least a less excusable, wrong to Germany. She would have rendered an orderly remedy of European political dissensions and economic distress impossible, and she would have invited into her house plagues and calamities at least as serious as those which she is visiting upon Germany. It would be a clear case of deliberate malefaction. "It must needs be that offences come, but woe to him by whom the offence cometh."

REGISTRATION of aliens, Secretary of Labor Davis admits, is opposed by most of the thousand foreign language papers in the country. It would be opposed bitterly by the vast majority of the eight million aliens in the country. Why should it not be? The advocates of registration want to impose a tax of five to ten dollars a head on aliens, the neediest element in the population, and to what end? Mainly to finance an intensive spying upon them with a view to throwing out of the country the eighty thousand, as estimated by Secretary Davis, or the 150,000, as estimated by W. J. Burns, whose political opinions are dangerous in the eyes of bureaucrats and headhunters. Secretary Davis talks about using part of the money to teach the alien what America means. Even if all the money were used for that purpose and the espionage features of the scheme were dropped, only modest progress could be made. Five or ten dollars per capita is no very generous tuition for financing an educational course with so important a content as the meaning of America. It requires the salary of a Cabinet member for four years to teach that meaning to Secretary Davis, and we doubt that he will be entirely clear on it even when the course is finished.

IF we are going in for registration as a means of facilitating Americanization, let us make a thorough job of it and require the registration of every person, individual or corporation, who employs alien labor. And let the registration show what wages are paid, what hours are required, what living conditions assured. Secretary Davis is a believer in high wages. He repudiates the "living wage," not, as the Railway Labor Board does, because it is too high, but because it is not high enough. He would substitute for it the "saving wage." Good. Now, if employers could be made to pay their alien laborers a "saving wage," Americanization would proceed apace. Aliens, like other men, are a materialistic lot, and learn easily to love a country where they are well treated. The saving wage would make terrible inroads on the 80,000 or 150,000 deportables. Some tough minded agitators would resist its seductions, but they could be left to their unpleasant fate of agitating in vacuo. Register the employers, by all means, and tax them in the measure that they depart from the saving wage. We wonder that the professional Americanizers have never thought of that.

POSSIBLY we are unduly sceptical, but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the indictment of Mr. Crowell and other members of the Emergency Construction Committee will lead to any substantial results. We have no doubt whatever that the government was grossly and scandalously plundered by numbers of contractors during the war period. Nor do we doubt that the officers of the administration were often culpably negligent in permitting the plundering to go on. But we have not forgotten the circumstances of the period. Before the declaration of war America appeared as a giant of vast potential power but with no certain control of nerves and muscles. The forces of America had to be organized and brought to bear at once. Money was to be had like water by a stroke of the Congressional pen; but the vital need was for guns, uniforms, cantonments, ships, and no stroke of a pen could produce these. Naturally the attitude of the officers of the administration was that money mattered very little, so long as the goods were forthcoming in the briefest possible time. And so they grasped at the cost-plus system and under it placed contracts wherever they thought production would proceed most quickly. There was hideous waste of money, and worse, but America did exhibit a coordinated

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energy that neither our enemies nor our friends believed possible. We might have saved money and lost the war. All this, however, does not subtract a tittle from the shame of the men who seized upon the national crisis as an opportunity for enriching themselves. They pretended to be patriots. They were traitors, and ought to be in Leavenworth instead of the I. W. W.'s whose offense against the American nation was as nothing compared to that of the looters of the Treasury.

THE industrial conference plan launched in Paterson under the auspices of the Department of Labor is an experiment worth watching. Under this plan, which has been accepted by both employers and employees in the silk industry, twenty-five representatives of each side will meet with twenty-five representatives of the public and an agent of the Department of Labor. They will not vote, decide or arbitrate, but they will discuss all matters of common concern to employers and employees. In so far as the friction between labor and capital springs from misunderstandings and ungrounded suspicion, an organization like this might go far toward removing it. Secretary Davis expects great results from the enlightenment of public opinion that the discussion should produce. There is no doubt something in that. But the persons who most need enlightenment are the employers and workers themselves. And they will be in a position to get it, provided they avoid the debater's vice of talking to win and pursue the more fruitful methods of frank discussion. If the agent of the Department of Labor is a person who understands what can be done with discussion and if he is skilful in directing it along proper channels the chances that the experiment will turn out well are excellent.

SOME months ago the London Daily Mail sent Sir Percival Phillips to Mesopotamia to investigate conditions there as determined by the British occupation. As in Egypt the occupation is developed behind the screen of a puppet kingdom of which the ruler is our old friend Feisul whom the French deprived of his job in Damascus. He maintains his state at Bagdad where he has a shadowy Arab army. The real power is the Royal British Air Force, of which the chief function is to collect taxes by bombing the recalcitrant villages. Such raids, according to Sir Percival Phillips, occur almost daily with inevitable loss of life and destruction of property. This method is costly and necessarily immediately unproductive. Apparently the British plan is to fix the habit of tax-paying on the Arabs by repeated lessons, for obviously without taxes the machine-made state of Iraq will never function by itself. Meanwhile the cost of the military occupation to the British taxpayers for the six months ended September 30th was £4,712,000.

What Helping Europe Means

SENATOR BORAH has accomplished one thing at least by his proposal of an international economic conference. He has helped to awaken Americans of all parties and classes to a vivid concern over the state of Europe. The optimists who have been preaching that Europe is on the mend have been silenced. Even the cautious Mr. Hughes admits that the situation is grave. It is graver than any responsible statesman can afford to admit. Europe is not on the mend. From the Urals to the Pyrenees there is not a government, except those of Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia, whose finances are not going from bad to worse. There is not a government that can see ahead of it five years of security against bankruptcy and civil disorder. From this statement some will say that we ought to except France. The government of France is indeed strong, and there is no revolutionary movement worth mentioning. But the strength of the French government rests upon the false assurance that sufficient money will be extracted from Germany to save France from bankruptcy. That false assurance cannot pass current indefinitely. And we hesitate to predict what will happen when all the thrifty investors in French bonds realize that the government can never pay its obligations in full, but will have to repudiate them in part, either by further depreciation of the currency or by scaling down interest or principal.

European finances are on the down grade. European industry holds up, after a fashion, but it is a question how long it will still be possible to buy raw material and labor with constantly depreciating currencies. The spectres of unemployment and food shortage stalk abroad. And every student of history knows that unemployment and famine are fatal to civil order. He knows, too, that with civil order shattered, the field is clear for plots and counterplots, revolutionary madness, foreign intervention and war. The emergency is so grave that it concerns the American people vitally. We have learned by bitter experience that when all Europe is at war there is no guarantee that America will remain at peace. It is up to the American government at least to try and break open a road towards some alleviation of European distress and dissension. The question is: How?

Senator Borah proposed one method of American aid to Europe when he asked Congress to force the President to call a world economic conference in which the American government would assume the same kind of initiative that it assumed in the Washington conference of November 1921. On the other hand the administration itself was already approaching the same task by another route. It had for some weeks been inquiring of the European

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governments whether they would welcome the appointment of an expert commission to consider and suggest a final settlement of the whole reparations question. As soon as the administration admitted the existence of these inquiries Senator Borah withdrew his resolution, and by so doing he exhibited his usual good sense. The method on which the administration is working is probably inadequate, but the objections to it are less serious than the objections to an international economic conference under American leadership. A conference of this kind presupposes an exaggerated estimate of the amount of responsibility which this country can successfully assume for the alleviation of European distress. If called it would, like the Genoa conference, have ended in failure and dissolution.

The tentative negotiations which the administration has opened up are much less likely to collide with the fundamental truths of the relationship between the United States and Europe. As Secretary Hughes declared, it is Europe rather than the United States which holds the key to the settlement. No leadership by the American nation can alleviate the distress of a Europe which persists in keeping alive the causes of that distress, and hitherto the European nation whose policy is creating most of the suffering and disorder has flown into a rage when it was asked to modify its behavior in any essential respect. Under such conditions, the American government should not sacrifice its freedom of action as it did during the war. It should testify to its solicitude for European welfare by offering its services to Europe only under certain specified conditions rather than by signing a blank check on American resources which, after it was once signed, would be filled in, as it was in Paris, chiefly by the European scribes.

In the conversations which Mr. Hughes is now carrying on with the European governments he is trying to obtain their consent to a final settlement of the problem of reparations by the appointment for the purpose of an expert commission. The plan is inadequate in many respects, but it has certain strategic advantages. Although it will not settle the reparations problem it will enlighten public opinion as to the location and nature of obstacles to an ostensibly reasonable settlement. It will concentrate the public attention upon the crying need of limiting the bill for reparations to a fixed moderate figure. Finally it may have the very great advantage of enabling the American government to act during the crisis in effective cooperation with the British government. In substance what the two governments say to France will run as follows: "You are entitled to the largest possible amount of reparations which Germany can pay. We agree with you that unless Germany eventually pays a substantial sum, a sum sufficient to reimburse you for the actual damage there is probably no escape from general bankruptcy and social disorder in Europe. But just because it is so important for Germany to pay, we do not wish you to take any action which will make payment impossible. We should view with disfavor measures which instead of producing reparations would threaten disaster. We are convinced that the German nation, if properly handled, can pay a sum which will satisfy the bills for French reconstruction. We propose, consequently, to find out what that amount is and to suggest the best ways of collecting it; and as a means to that end we shall begin by trying to restore wholesome economic conditions in Germany."

In one important respect, however, the plan of an expert commission is faulty and the fault is derived from a misconception by Mr. Hughes of the real nature of the European emergency. He calls the problem of reparations "essentially economic." The French do not conceive it to be essentially economic, and they are right. It is essentially political and psychological. The question of how much Germany can pay is not a question which is capable of final expert determination on purely economic grounds. The German people are not machines. They will not pay the moderate but the still adequate sum which they are capable of paying unless the settlement provides them with positive and sufficient incentives to undergo the necessary sacrifices and perform the necessary work. In the past not only has the amount of the proposed indemnity been excessive but the penalty for default was the practical extinction of Germany as a nation. Demoralized by such a threat the German government could only put up a feeble pretence of payment. There is some justice in the French claim that the Germans have bankrupted themselves to shirk payment. Why shouldn't they? They would have been more irretrievably ruined if they had paid. The way to get the largest possible sum out of Germany is to give to the German people the most persuasive possible inducements to undertake the colossal privations and exertions which the payment of their obligations and the restoration of credit and productive power will require. There can be no final and satisfactory solution of the problem of reparations until the French nation is willing to accept this view of the psychological and political values which the determinations and the collection of its bill against Germany involve.

But France has suffered cruelly and is herself on the verge of bankruptcy. Unless aid is promised from some outside source she is more likely to seek satisfaction for her feelings by destroying Germany than she is to sit down patiently at the advice of an expert commission and wait four or five years for German payments. If American assistance is to be effective, the American government cannot ignore this obvious danger. It will have to assume the responsibility of offering to France inducements attractive enough to persuade the French government to give Germany a chance to live and recover.

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By what arguments can the American government induce France to scale down her hope of German money to a moderate figure and to abandon the military sanctions? Will our government call in the business experts to prove to the French that a moderate figure is all they will ever get, and that they will get less if they insist on more? The French statesmen know that already. They know that the huge item in their budget "sums recoverable from Germany" is a lie. But it is a most precious lie. Public confidence and the stability of government rest on it. No, we must produce argument more potent than words.

Shall we offer to reduce the interest on the French debt to America, as President Harding apparently proposes to do? The French are not paying interest. They do not intend to pay it, until Germany has paid many more billions of indemnity than she will ever pay. Therefore the rate of interest on the debt is immaterial. It is as easy to repudiate four and a quarter percent as one per cent. Shall we offer to cancel the debt? That, too, is now immaterial, since nobody in France expects to pay it. It is not the French debt to America and England that is weighing down French credit, but the immense and growing volume of domestic debt. That debt is over forty billion dollars with the franc reckoned at par. If the franc is reckoned at six and two-thirds cents, about its present value, the debt is between thirteen and fourteen billions. The latter figure itself is more than the French nation can well bear. Reduced by the three or four billions France might still get out of Germany, it would be bearable.

It is practicable, financially, to translate the crushing mass of French paper obligations into gold obligations that are bearable. It is practicable to translate the death warrant indemnity that hangs over Germany into a more valuable obligation that Germany could and would pay. France could be freed from the danger of bankruptcy, Germany from the danger of anarchy and invasion. America would probably effect these results, first by cancelling the French debt to the American government and persuading the English to pursue a similar course, and second, by buying German indemnity bonds in large enough quantities to give the French government substantial sums of gold whereby it could carry through a gold refunding operation on the domestic debt. America is strong enough financially to do these things. If she wishes effectively to assist Europe she ought to be willing to do them. But she should never do them except in return for the evacuation by France of the Rhineland and the abandonment by her of the primitive provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. For if she loaned money to a Germany which was handicapped by these political and psychological penalties she would waste her own resources without doing away with the insuperable obstacle to European recovery and appeasement.

The Reed College Curriculum

SOME time ago the New Republic called attention to the value of the colleges as distinct from the universities, and especially the smaller colleges, as experiment stations in higher education. On the one hand their faculties are able to concentrate upon a single issue, undistracted by the competition of professional schools and the claims of postgraduate study; and on the other they are free from that pressure of numbers which in the larger institutions makes administration a mere sauve qui peut. In these circumstances they are justifying the prediction that many of the changes necessary in the specifically college or liberal arts course will be initiated by them. Particularly is this true of Reed College, Portland, Oregon. Reed College began its career in 1910 in a spirit of pioneering. The establishment of the undergraduate curriculum which has taken place within the last two years is described by President Richard F. Scholz (from whose account the following quotations are taken) as the result of the trial and error method, and illustrates particularly the advantages of the small college for such experiment.

The salient feature of the Reed College plan is that it treats the undergraduate curriculum as a unit. It is a "course," not an aggregation of "courses" which add up in the mathematics of the registrar to a total of which the real value is hypothetical. The object of the course in the first two years is to provide the fundamentals of "effective contemporary-minded living." In the first year stress is laid upon

> the bases and historical backgrounds of contemporary life—the approach being through a study of man's creative achievements in literature and art, through a study of his progress in cooperative effort and group action, and through an intelligent appreciation of the biological foundations of modern society.

This aim is reflected in the fact that in both the natural science and the social science programs the emphasis of the work of the year is on history and literature (seven out of sixteen units). In the former, mathematics and science divide the remaining nine; in the latter biology takes three, leaving six elective.

> The second year is devoted to an intensive comparative study of our contemporary civilization; the literary, historical and social, and scientific approaches are again integrated into a unified course of study, which is intended to help students to an intelligent appreciation of the fact that present-day democracy (in its individual, national and international aspects) rests on the recognition that we are all different and that, however important our present-day economic, social and political problems, the ultimate solution of "unity and diversity" must successfully deal with the problem of conflicting and competing races, cultures and religions.

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In this year the emphasis is upon social science and literature (seven and a half units in the social science group, and four and a half in the natural science).

The result of this orientation appears in the third and fourth years in the choice by the student of a major subject for intensive effort, and in an intelligent plan of study arranged with reference to his special needs and aptitudes. In these years lectures and formal class work are reduced to a minimum, but in the last year there is one "requirement" which is a novelty in the American college and of which the value may turn out to be surprising.

> In the senior year there is held once a week in small sections (from five to ten students chosen from the various major fields) a two hour colloquium or symposium, intended to compel the student to think his way through to a unified, synthetic interpretation and philosophy of life—*his own*. One of the great weaknesses in our American educational program and one of the great causes of the lobsided and confused thinking of the average student, it is believed, is the failure to give every student before graduation an opportunity to think out for himself the interrelation of the various approaches to and interpretation of contemporary society—literary, historical, economic, biological, psychological, etc.—so that the average student of today thinks in compartments, without true perspectives and real understanding.

It will be perceived that the Reed College curriculum combines many of the special plans and devices which were described from various colleges in the College Number of the New Republic, October 25, 1922. The general introduction to contemporary civilization at Columbia, the individual treatment of the student's last two years at Smith, are both features of the Reed College plan. The admirable suggestion by President Meiklejohn of a method of enabling the student to unify the field of knowledge by means of an analytic course directed to finding a method of thought and giving him practice in it seems to be met in part by a course in mathematics, which "aims to familiarize students with methods of mathematical analysis or applied logic."

There are many other features of the Reed College curriculum upon which we should like to dwell because they bear directly upon the crying evils of the conventional machine-made college education. For instance, one of the glaring defects in what must be regarded as common practice, is the digesting of knowledge into summaries, handbooks, surveys by the use of which a student may gain an insecure hold of many facts about a subject without having any actual contact with the matter itself. At Reed textbooks are eliminated so far as possible, and instruction is given by direct contact between teacher and student in experiment and discussion. In addition increasing responsibility is thrown upon the student. "Independent and critical collateral reading not only in English but in some one modern foreign language is required throughout the four years of college." "In both the freshman and sophomore years, out of the total time devoted by the student to the curricular studies, a definite portion is allowed the student for independent reading on a year's basis."

A very serious evil in our colleges arises from their usual organization in practically autonomous departments, which by their competitive practice contribute to that division of the field of knowledge by which the student's mind is deformed. The working of the Reed College curriculum obviously calls for the closest cooperation among instructors of different subjects. Clearly they must think in terms of the entire enterprise of education, and the contribution which each department can make to that enterprise must be subordinated to the plan of a whole.

The greatest and most patent evil of our colleges, their numbers and the unwieldy size of their classes, is met at Reed by the limitation of students to five hundred, so that teaching is restricted to small groups—in the last year one instructor to five or six students. This closeness of contact between teachers and students, in consequence of which both become partners in an effort defined by the unified curriculum, makes it possible to substitute for the commercial motive of amassing credits toward a degree, an appeal to voluntary, interested cooperation, and beyond this to enthusiastic initiative on the part of the student. "Instruction by discussion and consent" is the phrase used by President Scholz to describe the process; "to compel the student to do his own thinking" is his summing up of the end in view. Clearly the attainment of this object depends not only on the wisdom and skill with which the curriculum is organized but above all upon the personal quality of the teachers who employ it, their capacity of interpreting education "as an individual service rendered to individual minds."

Farmer and Laborer

THE farmers are discontented because they are not getting their just share of the national production. The workers are discontented because, with the exception of a small proportion of their number in favored trades, they are not getting wages sufficient to maintain even a modest American standard of living. The two classes are powerful numerically. If they would pool their interests and unite in a single political party they could easily dominate the nation and impose such policies as might alleviate their grievances.

But the pooling of the interests of farmers and laborers, it is often said, is impossible, for the reason that those interests are antagonistic. The farmer wants high prices for his products, but if

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he gets them the laboring class of the cities will be confronted with a higher cost of living. The laborer wants higher wages, but if he gets them the cost of production will increase and the farmer will have to pay more for everything he buys. As for the possible alternative of taking enough away from the recipients of interest and profits to bring prosperity to both farmer and laborer, it is said to be impracticable. Considered by themselves, interest and profit make up an imposing sum of income. But relatively to the whole national income they are limited.

And an examination of the facts in the case seems at first to lend some color to this argument. According to the extremely competent analysis of the National Bureau of Economic Research, wages already absorb two-thirds or more of the net value product in the chief non-agricultural employments. In mines, quarries and oil wells the share of the employees in the net value product has ranged, in the decade 1909-1918, from 60.9 percent to 73.8 percent, with the average 69.8 percent. In factory production the range was from 68.7 to 78.1, with the average 76. In the construction industry the share of labor averaged 67.7 percent; in the transportation industries, 63.2 percent. Some part of the returns to property could perhaps be transferred to labor, thus making possible an increase in wages without increased production costs. But so long as we rely upon private enterprise to keep our machinery of production going it does not appear that very great inroads on the share of property can be made without affecting production adversely and cutting the real income of every class, whatever may happen to the percentages of net product.

Raise wages and some share of the increased cost, though not all of it, will be passed on to the farmer. Raise agricultural prices and some part of the burden will be passed on to the laborer. That is one aspect of the problem. But there is another that is more important.

The chief market for industrial products, outside of the circle of industry itself, is the farm. If the purchasing power in the hands of the farmers increases, the demand for industrial products necessarily increases. Vice versa, the industrial working population is the farmer's best market. A period of high wages and full employment reflects itself in a brisk demand for everything the farmer produces. In the last year vast quantities of fruit, potatoes and vegetables have gone to decay because the industrial population had not the means to pay the cost of gathering and transportation. Millions of industrial workers have been unable to find full time work because the agricultural population has had nothing to pay for their products. In this sense the interest of the farmer is bound up with that of the laborer. The prosperity of the one conditions that of the other. Each must wish for the other good pay for work well done.

The farmer and the laborer have immediate interests in the price structure that harmonize as well as interests that conflict. They have one large group of interests in addition that are wholly in common. That lies in the elimination of waste in both production and distribution. Between the price that the farmer receives and that which the worker pays there is a margin which is often unnecessarily wide. The production price of an industrial product, out of which the worker is paid, falls far short of the price the farmer gives for the product. Both farmer and laborer would gain materially from the reduction of this margin to the lowest possible amount. Waste is the enemy of both. They can reduce it only by cooperation.

There is also another factor making for unity of interest. It is a serious matter to the farmer to find that his income is so low that he would be better off if he lost his farm and were thrown into the ranks of the city workers. He may envy the city workers and in his impatience may assert that their wages ought to come down. But in his rational moods he realizes that city employment is his refuge, or his son's refuge, if the farm can't be made to pay. And it is of great importance to the permanent interest of the farmer and his family that this refuge shall be something other than the misery of the sweatshop. Wealthy men of feudal instincts may urge the cutting of wages in industry for the sake of holding the farm boys in the country. The farm boys and their fathers will not think so well of this plan of stopping the migration to the city. If there is no better way of doing it, they would say, let the migration continue.

Farmer and laborer could stand together on an economic program including living prices for agricultural products, living wages for labor, the elimination of waste and of unemployment. Whether they can actually be brought together is another matter. There is an ancient tradition of hostility between the country worker and the city worker. When the harness galls a horse is apt to kick or bite his mate, instead of the driver. In that respect the horse is pretty human. There is also the effect of propaganda carried on by those who have the best reasons for keeping the two apart. It is easy to slip into the farm journals a diatribe against the exorbitant demands of labor. No great effort is required to excite the industrial worker against the alleged greed of the farmer.

But there is evidence of a great change in the attitude of the farmers and the workers toward each other. All the agitation for a farmer labor party, and the occasional political successes of the movement, work toward an understanding of common interests. The farm press is exhibiting on the whole an increasingly sympathetic attitude toward labor, and the labor press is giving evidence of an

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increasing interest in the farmer's problem. Where the cooperative movement is making head there is rapid progress toward mutual understanding. It is worth bearing in mind that in countries like Denmark, where cooperation has permeated the whole economic structure, there is no conflict between the farmers and the laborers. On the contrary, they work together politically, to the great advantage of both.

We do not assert that the time is already ripe for an effective farmer-labor combination in American politics. We do not know whether it is or not. The unknown factors in the problem are too numerous to solve through the equations we can constitute on the basis of established fact. But so much appears certain: There is no inherent conflict of economic interest that renders such a combination impracticable. Neither is there any insurmountable barrier in temperament or conception of life. Given an adequate program and energetic leadership, a party representing the farmers and laborers would grow rapidly and go far.

Always Frightened

WE are sorry that our welcome to the Moscow Art Theatre must be tinged with apology. We are rather ashamed to tell these visitors that our welcome to them was not unanimous, as it should have been; that in the great crowd waiting to receive what is perhaps the best theatre in the world one small boy should have made himself conspicuous by sticking out his tongue and yelling dismal, stupid, insulting nonsense.

The small boy is of course the American Defense Society.

The American Defense Society didn't want the Moscow Art Theatre to play here, arguing that the Moscow Art Theatre is sure to spread Soviet propaganda among us because all the artists of the company have agreed not to talk against the Soviets and because special preference will be shown by the Soviets to those artists who have agreed to talk in favor of it. As further proof of this covert raid on the stability of our government the Defense Society advances a clause in the artists' contract by which they agree to return to Russia at the end of their leave, and another clause by which they agree to turn over a third of their earnings to the state.

The American Defense Society is afraid that one-third of the receipts of an eight weeks' run will supply the Soviet government with enough cash to overthrow the constitution and all the amendments. Does it appeal to Washington to stop this flow of gold? No, it calls in the private detectives: "If the American Legion takes the action toward this theatrical tour that it recently took in the case of Mme. Gadski, it may seriously interfere with the expected returns to the Russian government."

Had the American Defense Society any sense, it would take no further action until it had examined two plays by Chehov which the Art Theatre is going to give. For these plays, The Cherry Orchard and Three Sisters, are full of the most vicious and subtle red propaganda, full of passages which would enormously strengthen the case of the Defense Society.

In The Cherry Orchard we find Gayef saying "off the white in the corner; chip the red in the middle pocket," and again, "I'm a financier . . . red in the middle."

In Three Sisters, Masha, obviously seeking to destroy one of our most cherished constitutional amendments, exclaims: "Let's all get drunk and make life purple for once;" and Andrey poisons the basic institution of our society with the words "One shouldn't marry. One shouldn't, because it's dull."

But the most dangerous propaganda of all is from Vershinin (in Three Sisters):

> In two or three hundred years' time, life on this earth will be unimaginably beautiful and wonderful. Mankind needs such a life, and if it is not ours today then we must look ahead for it, wait, think, prepare for it.

If the members of the American Defense Society listen carefully to The Cherry Orchard, they will realize that Dunyasha is talking not about herself, but about them when she says:

> I am afraid of everything. I am always frightened.

Let that be the motto of the American Defense Society.

And now let's try to forget it.

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Man and His Cures

THERE can be no doubt in anyone's mind that ever since man first became aware of his own presence, the chief object of his thought has been himself. Long before pride in those achievements which set him ahead of the other beasts of the field gave him an egotistical satisfaction, he was as concerned as they all were over the business of self-preservation. It was, indeed, a terrible world which surrounded him. Wild beasts were there to tear him to pieces, a coconut might fall at just the right moment and stun him, or he might tread upon a thorn which could penetrate the flesh and remain there to fester unless it were pulled out. If he were wary he could avoid the first of these dangers; the second he could do little about; but the damaging effect of the third could be greatly diminished by removing the thorn promptly. Occasionally he was able to assist a four-footed friend by this last procedure. Obviously then, all physical injury was the result of some adverse agency in the world about him. On the other hand, sunlight and rain, and food-laden trees and plants which flourished for his benefit bespoke a kindlier influence.

And so it developed that whenever any bodily distress, or strange seizure affected his frame or functions and no obvious thorn could be found, this adverse agency must have been directing its, or his or her malevolent activities at the sufferer. All that was needed, then, to complete our conception of disease was an active imagination. With this quality the human race has been richly endowed. So rich is this particular gift of fancy, indeed, that it is an open question whether, like gold, it has caused him in the long run more happiness than pain. At all events, man soon peopled the unseen and intangible portions of his world with spirits of every sort, some responsible for his comfort and pleasure, others who caused his misery and final destruction. Religious rites sprang up to propitiate the gods thus created, but when propitiation failed, the instinct of self-preservation drove man to other means of defence. Being a fighting animal, he went to the mat with his disease-producing antagonists and devised all manner of methods to controvert their onslaughts. The kindly fruits and flowers provided elixirs and balms for wounds and sores, and thorns could be extracted. But the strange seizures, fits, and cramps in the middle, black vomit and other awful tragedies were too much for such simple remedies. Finally someone hit upon a plan of foiling the nefarious pranks of the unkind spirits. What devil could hear the solemnly repeated incantation and exorcism and stand his ground? The evil eye must wobble before the spittle-clay of the fairy doctor, and the king's evil flee at the Royal Touch. And so to ward off those maladies for which no more material cause than the visitation of the devil could be found, there arose very early and in widely separated parts of the earth, all sorts of symbolic rites and incantations.

These in general fell into two main categories —one rather more impersonal, or indirectly personal, the Temple of Aesculapius; the other embodied in the person of one endowed with supernatural powers, the witch, the medicine man or fairy doctor of Ancient Ireland. From this original Temple, where through elaborate and mystifying ceremonies sufferers were relieved, it is easy to follow down the ages the appearance of holy places and shrines until the present day. No traveller, however sophisticated, can visit Lourdes or the little Chapel at St. Anne de Beaupré without being conscious of a curious nearness of unseen power for which his very modern intellect feels it necessary to offer some sort of apology. But even more appealing than the temples and shrines are the strange figures that have appeared in every age and land, bearing mystic power for healing the sick. Formerly, for the people, it was enough that a healer had beneficent power. Wonder satisfied, and carried awe, in times when it was not yet de rigueur to understand.

Of course, these early physicians, delightfully irregular as their schools may have been, were well aware of the two main phases of their work. The first of these was relatively simple and comprised, chiefly, the treatment of wounds inflicted by wild animals or enemies. The second, however, had to do with all those tribulations which might develop inside the patient, without apparent relation to their material universe and so obviously the result of the deviltry of an evil spirit. The ancient healer seemed to be alive to the fact that, if man's imagination were sufficiently active to create symbols for destructive agencies, the same attribute might be induced to work equally hard for the creation of healing or constructive ones. This was the beginning of the use of the power of suggestion in medicine. The devices which have been resorted to for the purpose of inducing suggestions or arousing the imagination were, and are, legion. In Chaldea of old, amulets were a potent means of encouraging the sufferer into the belief that he would get well. Usually he was not consciously aware that this faith was actually what was stirred into being within the secret places of his heart; all he knew was that the little dried end of a horned toad's tail, or the lizard's eye had driven

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out evil spirits before and could be definitely counted on to do so again. There can be no doubt in anyone's mind of the efficiency of these charms when the extent and age-long period of their use is considered. For not the least remarkable feature of the amulet or charm principle has been its pertinacity. Indeed its potency is as great today as ever in its modern guise of that all-healing porous plaster which still sticks like a brother.

It was also found, however, by our remote ancestors that not only amulets but the far simpler and less material power of words might be equally efficacious. There was no lack of logic in supposing that the imponderable substance of which an evil spirit was made might be successfully obfuscated by the subtle influence of sound, which one could neither feel nor see. And so the incantation appeared as a therapeutic agent. All sorts of verses and phrases were devised, whose great number, variety and persistence to this day bespeak the faith which people have in them. Practically no ill to which the flesh is heir is unmatched by some special formula. But all the word cures possess one common characteristic, namely, the trick of recurrent syllables which lend themselves to rapid, low voiced, rhythmic repetition. The meaning of the words often bears little obvious relation to the nature of the malady, and frequently amounts to nothing more than mumbling cadence of sound—intoned by a man of mystery. Sometimes the material amulet and the incantation are used together with great effect. Thus, for example, there is a cure which appears in the folklore of ancient Hibernia. Three green moss-covered pebbles are taken from the bed of a brook and rubbed up and down, up and down, along the affected hip and thigh. While this rhythmic motion goes on, the doctor repeats rapidly, over and over, in a low mumbling voice the following phrase:

> Wear away, wear away,
> There you shall not stay
> Cruel pain away, away
> There you shall not stay,
> Cruel pain away, away, etc.

In her delightful book on the ancient charms and usages of Ireland, Lady Wilde tells of a truly engaging character, the fairy doctor, who lived on an island in a lake. This weird woman knew all about herbs and incantations, and her power as a healer was very great—so great, in fact, that she was feared as much as respected for her knowledge. She never revealed the nature of the herb and always gathered the leaves at night herself, and hid them under the eaves of her house. The decoction she made was to be used secretly and alone or the power went out of it. The story goes on to tell of a man who had fallen and struck his head, with the result that his leg became paralyzed. With great difficulty his friends carried him by boat to the island, then up the stony path toward the fairy doctor's house. As he approached she greeted him cheerily, saying, "Enter, this is the lucky day and hour; have no fear, for you will be cured by the power which is in me and the herb which I give you." He then explained the accident. She said, "I know all about that. You trod upon a fairy herb under which the fairies were resting and disturbed them by breaking through the roof of their dwelling. Then they lamed you in spite. But my power is greater than theirs, and I will cure you." So she gave him the salve, told him to use it in silence and alone, and in three days he would walk. Then the patient offered her silver coins. "No," she said, "I do not sell my knowledge, else it would leave me; I give it and so the strength and power remain with me." In three days the lame man walked as the fairy doctor had promised and he sent her a present which she accepted gladly. For gifts work no evil, though to sell the sacred power and mysteries of knowledge would be fatal; the spirits of healing that dwelt in the woman would have fled away and returned no more. . . .

The remoteness of the epoch at which this healer is said to have lived in Ireland (2,000 years ago), in no wise diminished the effectiveness of her example for other healers who have followed in the intervening years down to the present day. Their name is legion, and accounts of them may be found in any of the historical works which deal with the development of psycho-therapeutics. Four individuals stand out in the list as being, so far as can be made out, quite free from charlatanry. Sincerity in their dealings with their public and absolute belief in their methods mark them from the great host of healers who have capitalized the human being's proclivity for being bamboozled. No one, save the duped one, has any quarrel with the successful mountebank who plays fast and loose with one's material possessions, but the medical quack should be put in the stocks.

Now of these four men, one Aesclepiades of Bythnia, who lived in the second century B. C., used the method of the laying on of hands and the induced trance. This was, perhaps, the earliest use of hypnotism of which there is any record. The second was a tremendous Irishman named Greatrakes, who, resigning his commission in the King's army, set up in his country seat in Ireland, about the year 1656, a clinic for the treatment of disease. So successful was he that it is said that his barns and outhouses were crammed with innumerable specimens of suffering humanity. He seems to have done much good. The third figure is that of Johann Joseph Gassner, a monk of Bratz in the Austrial Tyrol. He worked about the year 1747, and was a man of great power and charm of personality. His armamentarium was rather more elaborate than that of his predecessors, for he used drugs as well as the laying on of hands and exor-

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cism by words. He frankly stated his belief that the efficacy of his methods depended upon the faith of the patient, so that he seems to have begun to be aware of the "power within the patient" for believing that cure will take place. It is related that Gassner was a jovial person and, as one of his biographers states, "a sworn foe to melancholy."

The fourth of these good and useful men is M. Emile Coué. Just at the moment his name is on the lips of all the world, believers, neutrals and scoffers alike. Doubtless, precisely similar discussion of the three other figures went on as hotly in their day, and the noise of it must likewise have spread to the limits which the means of conveying rumor then permitted. Unlike the other distinguished workers in psycho-therapeutics who arose in his town of Nancy—for Nancy has seen the rise of at least two other important developments in this general subject—M. Coué does not deal with the individual as such. He treats only with the individual as a member of the group or mass. Now it is usually agreed by the experienced, that to understand the principle of psycho-analysis it is necessary for a person to be the subject of analysis. For the same reason, it is quite impossible to convey, by words, any adequate comprehension of what actually takes place at M. Coué's garden clinic. One must go there to understand the man and the technique by which he invokes the imagination of his patients to beneficent action in their own behalf. All the agencies which man has employed through the ages to help himself are used with the utmost skill, just as they were by that ancient fairy doctor and by Aesclepiades of Bythnia and by Gassner. But it has all been modernized and brought into mesh with the thought of today by a perfectly sincere, logical and able mind. Yet the emphasis upon the more primitive and direct contacts between man and his universe, those which concern the emotional values, and in which the intellect does not share, is accomplished through the simplicity of equipment in the clinic—an empty room and chairs—and the vivid personality of M. Coué.

It would not serve the purpose of this discussion to describe at length the conduct of a typical clinic. There are already many accounts of it, some good, some bad. Suffice it to say that much depends upon Coué's amazing quickness to recognize and appeal to individual qualities of personality. The intoning of "ça passe" in a buzzing, rising pitch, and the exorcism at the end, to a company with closed eyes, strikes at the depths of those remote and silent pools of secret wonder which have always moved within the race consciousness. On the other hand, his exposition of the psychology of will and imagination is a clean cut, logical address to the intellect. Through it all his wit flashes and he chuckles. Thus, in a most interesting and agreeable fashion, he unites certain hypnotic influences with a purely intellectual appeal. Obviously this combination is as disarming to the intelligent observer as it is soothing to the sentimentalist.

It is clear then, that from the earliest times the human imagination has sought stimulation to believe in recovery from disease through every sort of symbolic representation of beneficent, unseen forces. Amulets, shrines, incantations, king's touch, blue glass, healers, all have had their day and always will have. For the suffering public is naturally impatient, and stampedes for any short cut, new or old, to relief from pain and promised cure. But about 400 B. C. there arose out of the nebulous mass of mystery and superstition the tremendous figure of Hippocrates, like a great lighthouse on a rock, rising above the fog. He insisted upon the necessity of accurately observing the phenomena of disease and relating them to the physical forces of nature. Under his guidance the great school arose which has since, through the centuries, and with much travail, patiently, calmly, inexorably forced its way into the dark forest of ignorance and fear.

Directness of attack, unwillingness to take anything for granted and infinite pains have been the means of making such advances as have been made. But the advance has been, and will continue to be, too slow for the impatient and suffering public. The gathering of facts is tedious, and often scientists seem to be collecting information that has but little obvious relationship to some pressing, practical disease problem. It is many years now, more than half a century, since Pasteur disclosed the unseen world of microbic life, and its causative relation to epidemic disease. Yet there still remain, despite a vast amount of painstaking, patient work, many dangerous infectious maladies. The public may still feel, however, at least some encouragement from the fact that diphtheria and typhoid, malaria and yellow fever are practically under control, and that the death rate from cerebro-spinal meningitis has been reduced from near 90 to less than 15 percent. But it has taken years to drive out these devils, which would not yield to the more rapid action of spells and exorcisms.

Now we are passing through the storm centre of another therapeutic hope. The human mind, as it has always done in the past and always will do in the future, has seized upon an idea which it believes to be new and to hold the secrets of health and eternal life. Then, just as water in an emptying basin begins slowly to whirl, and the mass and speed of the molecules increase about the vortex, so all over the world, through all time, masses of human beings have swirled about the object or personality who could induce the belief in cure. The power which such an individual wields is immeasurable, and the use of that power for good or ill depends largely on his character. Charlatans and honest altruists alike, with fixed faith in their methods, may relieve much suffering. But there is a preventable danger inherent in their activities. Not over a month ago two children

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with diphtheria, in this country, were sacrificed to their parents' belief in the beneficent action of unseen forces. It may, perhaps, be held that so far as those particular children are concerned the parents alone are interested, and nothing need be done about the matter. Yet the menace to other children in the community is obvious. In the instance of those unhappy parents, M. Coué's own dictum that imagination is more potent than reason wrought disaster, when respect for the known laws of Nature would have saved the day.

But Mr. Coué is a conscientious and very clever man. He knows the possibilities and also the limitations of those methods which deal solely with the imagination. He frankly refuses to take responsibility for patients with organic diseases; he puts that responsibility upon the shoulders of well trained, regular physicians. Thus he becomes a very safe sort of healer, for with ancient practices he plays astutely upon the imagination of his patients, while the regular profession, with modern methods, guards their bodies.

Now, strangely enough, this combination is exactly what really good doctors have always practised with. They first equip themselves with a knowledge of the facts of the material universe in the dull, unimaginative, objective sense, and also recognize the suggestibility of mankind. Consequently, as far as the medical practitioner is concerned, he need only remember that so long as human beings retain their present psychological structure his initial address must be toward the patient and not toward the disease. It is indeed true that certain pathological conditions may be corrected by a business organization, but a patient can only be successfully treated by an individual doctor. Nor does this statement imply, in the least, a sentimental view of our problem. It confronts us, on the contrary, with perhaps the most subtle and difficult task of all—the task of understanding the secret places of another personality. No pains can be spared to gain this understanding, and it requires the expenditure of the clearest, coolest and most finely chiselled sort of intellectual effort. Indeed, there is no ailment from which a man may suffer in which some part of his malady does not depend upon his state of mind. This applies to the acute infections, disorders of metabolism and organic heart disease, as well as to the entire vast field of the psycho-neuroses. Consequently any method, such for example as the excellent one of M. Coué, which can enlist the mental forces on the side of health and the cure of disease, may be profitably added to the physician's equipment.

But still the work of investigation of external agents and isolated physiological and pathological mechanisms will continue in response to the demand for preservation. There must be added, also, always further study of the individual. New methods must be devised and medical thought directed, as ever, to the study of man, until at least as much is known about him as he himself has learned about the cattle which provide him food or the wild beasts and bacteria from whom he has been able to protect himself by this knowledge. Already much information about the mechanism of the mind has been gathered by the philosophers and the great students of psychology in medicine. But just as in the material phase of medicine, so knowledge of psychology in sickness advances by painfully slow degrees. It is advancing, however, for the best thought of all ages and countries has been directed toward the problem. It is true that where there is no vision, or imagination, the people perish. But they perish equally if vision be not followed up with respectful consideration of the laws of nature based on intellectual effort. Therefore, while the excusable impatience of a suffering humanity swirls about any hope of cure, the medical profession is quietly, persistently, hewing down the dark forest where lurk ignorance and despair.

GEORGE DRAPER.

Playground

Sliding its sinuous strength between stone clouds,
A length of sunlight glides into the street
And spreads itself in coils.
A corner boils with brilliance.
Shop windows and a crowd of children raise
Their loud hosannahs like a victory
Of blazing banners.
Chimneys and cockney sparrows urge themselves
Higher upon the fiery banks of air.
Sky-scrapers shake their flanks of beaten gold.
Even this old, moth-eaten tree
Kicks free the yellow papers at his feet
And tries to toss his thanks across the skies.

Slowly the sunlight crawls along the tall
Forbidding spires with their lifted menace.
It pours itself, a dancing benison,
Upon the altar, through the chancel-doors,
Falters into dark niches, secret halls . . .
Then leaps upon the high walls of the church
And lurches to the playground.

A spatter of garish color lights a group
Of parish girls that troop across the square.
Crude sunsets flare and scatter as they enter.
Then, in the very centre, the sun drops;
Black stops it—hard, unyielding black . . .
Abashed, it creeps back in the rioting yard
Before two quiet nuns turning a rope
For little legs that burn and wave across it.
One of the nuns is young but no less grave
Than her wise, rigid sister, and she twirls
The living rope with lifeless eyes
And frigid regularity . . .
While bouncing girls, lifted on some deep rhythm,
Pause—leap—and pause—with sweeping ecstasy;
Leap—pause—and leap—in holy radiance.

Slowly the sun withdraws.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Humanism and the Industrial Age

I.

THE men of the nineteenth century in Europe were, perhaps, far more completely than any men of earlier ages, discoverers, creators, conquerors, and poets. Their science probed nature almost to her very heart, their machines compressed space and restrained time, their arts and industries brought into being a way of life so new and so wonderful, that there was no thing in the past to set by its side, so strange and unheard of were its engines, its enterprise, its knowledge and its goods. So unprecedented were they, so unique, that it seemed to many as if the character and requirements of man's habitation had been transformed over night and they were overcome with a sense at once of dissociation and insecurity, like that of a newcomer in a foreign land. In their habits and ideals of life, even in their joy and their hope, they felt suddenly at a loss. For those did not change at once with their habitation; they remained set, adjustments to a retreating order of society and a lapsing economy. It is not strange, therefore, that the men of the nineteenth century should so often appear to their critics of a later generation as a breed without happiness and without vision. How could there be any clearness in their hearts, or any light in their minds? They were confused by the multiplicity and tumult of their own works; by the persistence, in spite of disarticulation, of old habits and old thoughts, so that they were inhibited from understanding and incapacitated from mastering their handiwork. The sensitive were filled with revulsion, the practical with greed; the mass could only yield themselves to the momentum of their machines, with a sort of blind brute faith, unchastened and perennial as the urge of life itself, that justified events as events came, and carried on, like an animal entrapped in its own burrow, without a plan and without a purpose.

It was a century of unrest and discontent. Its most articulate spirits were prophets of disillusion and apostles of retreat. It is hard to name any of them—Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, Marx, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Arnold, Bergson—who did not describe civilization as a sin and offer his "doxy" as a salvation. The babel of salvation, indeed, was no less a confusion than the noise of the captains of industry and the shouting. Only toward the end of the century did signs appear that the babel could be a chorus, that unrest could make a unison, and discontent a chord. Hatred of the new economy of industry, of its impersonality, its automatism, its compulsions, appeared as the common passion of classes, sects and parties. However diversified and antagonistic their loves had been—Carlyle advocated a mediaeval paternalism; Tolstoy a primitive Christian communism; Marx a late materialistic one; Nietzsche a superman; Newman a church; Arnold, sweetness and light; Bergson a mystical abundance of life—their hates were one. They had grown more articulate about its own intrinsic nature and deficiencies, and had come closer to a realistic perception of their own disharmony with it, whence they drew, in the formula of "the class struggle," a pattern for their discontent, and for their unrest a form. But that was all.

This unanimity of hatred and diversity of loves has passed over, little modified, from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. Currently, I have been interested in two groups who challenge and denounce the age and such ideals as they discern for it. One of these groups, who are now a sort of Genro of rebellious youth, and whose sincerest American voice was once the brave, twisted figure of Randolph Bourne, has no alternative ideal to present. Its spirit is disaffection; its cry: There is no good in the institutions of modern life; they enslave, they inflict suffering, they suffocate independence and originality; they spread the pall of age and death on all things, but most of all on young things; let youth go free, and freedom will grow youth's proper ideals for youth. The other group raises aloft a banner with an old device: Humanism. It does envisage and cherish and prophesy an alternative ideal, at once doctrine and discipline. This ideal, its apostles say, has for its roots, the essential nature of man; for its trunk the tradition of cultured living transmitted by the generations; for its leafage, the doctrine and discipline of this tradition, spreading to the open weather; for its fruit, the perfections of aristocracy—gentlemen, whose lives conform to the standards set by Aristotle and Castiglione, by La Rochefoucauld and Cardinal Newman. This Humanism, and this alone, can truly save the soul alive from the unhappy submission to matter which is the slavish spirit of modern society; from the preoccupation with natural science, the absorption in making things to sell, and the accumulation of money, which are its manifestations. So complete and so degraded is this slavery, that the only ideal society regards is the ideal of wealth, the only freedom it desires is freedom to get rich, the only progress it apprehends is progress in acquisition and the only happiness it finds is happiness in the multiplication of possessions. With this result: the features of the community are sordid and ugly; its rich folk are anxious and afraid, its poor dis-

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couraged and degraded; its arts reject what is best for what is commonest or wildest; its religion has changed from a loyalty of hope to an idolatry of despair.

But alas for the Humanism which should be salvation from all this horror! It is unregarded gospel. Its name is an empty sound, recalling to the young forgotten dim events they had heard of in dull classrooms, to the old, scraps of phrase in ancient tongues, which they flaunt, but do not understand. Its prophets are a diminishing handful, preaching in a wilderness. The generation that they exhort to doctrine and to discipline is a generation that knew not Joseph. To them its prophets seem to be no more than a bunch of poor pedagogues, stranded safely in the academic backwash of life, remote from reality and without experience in living, pleading for the security of their jobs. To them "the quarrel between the ancients and moderns" has neither content nor meaning. It is a forgotten quarrel, so long have Science and Industry been the victors, so overruling has been their influence upon the minds of the times. And, the light of this Science, the spokesmen of rebellious youth assert, this Science which resets all things in the order of their generation and exhibits all effects in the linkage of their causes, shows up Humanism as merely a tool of living made over into an idol of the half-dead, and the Humanists as idolators who have made of the tree of life a painted lath, of the fruits of life, fruits and fustian.

This saying has its grounds. In the perspective of history, Humanism is an adventure, not a discipline, a program of liberty, not a doctrine of regimentation. It did change from adventure to discipline and from program to doctrine, but the change was a sea-change, from a life into a recollection. When Humanism became discipline and doctrine it died. It became exactly the sort of thing against which it had been a rebellion, and it suffered the same fate. What it confronted and shattered was the regimentation of thought and conduct in the interests of the ruling church of Europe. This had filled men's hearts with the fear of death and the hope of salvation, and restricted their minds to regard only the duly authorized and authenticated tools and agencies of salvation. It had subjected them, in a word, to the other-worldly preoccupations of the theologian and divine. In the course of time, however, the craftsmen and merchants of Europe established themselves in cities. Their number multiplied as their skills grew and differentiated. What they made, they sold not only to the populace at home, but to the aristocracies abroad, and their earnings they applied to the enrichment, strengthening and easing of their common life. Their contacts, and the contacts of their upper classes through religious wars and military wanderings, with peoples of other faiths and equal or superior powers, led them to tolerance and urbanity. Their interest in the nature and mastery of this world became more central and compelling, and the doctrine and discipline of the church more peripheral and irrelevant. This change of heart, this true conversion of the spirit of Europe was spread over many years. It came slowly, and moved in distinct successive waves from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. Its essence was secularization, a turning of attention from the supernatural to nature, from the disingenuous service of God to the honest happiness of man.

The search for this happiness was a true liberation of mind and body. It adventured in all directions into the unknown, material and immaterial, of space, of time, of imagination. It delighted in clothing; in building; in craftsmanship and commerce; in conquest and administration; in music, metaphysics, painting and sculpture; in language and literature. There was not a field of human endeavor which did not yield its particular glow of fresh discovery and happy use. Of these, by a lucky accident, the works of man in Greece and Rome were one, and because what they offered in beauty of form and humanity of substance could be most obviously and directly set up against the no longer savory doctrine and discipline of the church, they became the foremost symbol of the resurgence of free mind, intent on secular accomplishment and natural happiness. Classic art, classic speech, particularly Latin, classic ideas and classic ideals, became the badges of the new liberty and the new life, even in the heart of the church itself. They prevailed in the courts, the workshops, the market-places. They were adopted as the new doctrine and discipline of the schools. They were called the Humanities, and were treated as law-givers for mankind.

But the Humanities were not in themselves lawgivers. There is no force in things of the past other than the present life which regards and sustains them. Things of the past are only symbols of force. They are flags. The Humanities were the heraldry and pennants of the fecund new energies of peoples overflowing into new modes of industry and art and science and government, modes of a different pattern and springing from another root than the classics, as a factory or an army might produce values which the flag that flutters over it may stand for, but cannot be. The workers might move on, the army disband and the flag still bravely fly. It would then be representative of nothing, a past symbol, with no present ground. In the course of time wind and weather would dim its colors and unravel its weave; the stuff of it would turn to dust and be scattered to the four corners of the earth. Not unlike, in many ways, was the story of the classics. Already before the Renaissance had definitely come to its term they had slipped from the centre to the periphery of European life. Courts and work-

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shops and market-places ceased to regard them, and the schools became absorbed in them as formerly they had been in theology. Since education, except for the brief period of the age of Pericles, has always concerned itself with the transmission of tradition rather than the discovery of truth and with the contemplation of the past rather than the conquest of the future, the forced shift of young attention from divinity to the humanities was a matter of no importance. Institutional education was then, as now, a distraction from life, not a preparation for it, and what is momentous in the experience of the young, what rouses feeling, initiates habit and fixes character is still unrelated to what they encounter in the class-room. Whether in school or on the street, the young live a life apart. They have their own community, with its own mores, traditions and rules, that educate and mold them while the class-room at great pains decorates them with information—in the old days, with ribbons of Latin and pompons of Greek which on occasion they might display in public address or private talk, but which hardly ever made the slightest difference in the conduct of their lives.

From a symbol of new life to a decoration of old conventions—this is the movement of Humanism in the transition of the expansive mood of the Renaissance into the reticulated one of the eighteenth century, with its precise and finished formalities in manners, poetry, landscape and spirit, its whole "neo-classic" character. As a part of the texture of life, the classics were less important in that century, not more important, than in the Renaissance. The let-down in energy from the abundance of the Rebirth to the elegance of the Enlightenment, from magnificence to sufficiency, carried with it a failure of sustaining life for the classics. The eighteenth century is a period of spiritual consolidation and retrenchment, a time of reflection and accounting, of repose, order, self-analysis; consequently of disillusion and irony. It is a period of historical review and social and psychological anatomy, of formal wit and restrained laughter. Its genius, whose Renaissance protagonist was Rabelais, is Voltaire. It set common sense against sentiment, reason against feeling and imagination, practicality against enthusiasm. It translated Homer and applied Aristotle, but neither what it produced nor what it interpreted was of the same stuff with what it used. In spite of its "classic" tone, it had much less in common with antiquity than the Renaissance. Its Humanism was merely of the schools, and its Humanists had ceased to be men of affairs and had become merely schoolmen. The classics remained idols of the closet, decorations of the forum; they lost the dignity and station of symbols of free life.

In the next mutation of the mood of Europe, however, they regained what they had lost. The new mood is usually called Romanticism. It is in effect another phase of the recurrent overflow which life's energies after a time seem to accomplish against the orders and conventions which first enchannel them and then choke them. In this instance it began as the reaction against the regimentation which neo-classicism, in the name of the classics, practiced upon the forms of expression natural and spontaneous to changing life. Romanticism also raised aloft the humanistic device. It also appealed to antique beauty against present deformity and was ready, as Goethe showed in Faust, if need be, to ravish this beauty from hell itself. But the antiquity it appealed to had meanwhile received a different body and another soul. It had ceased to be an aggregation of works of art, in letters, in stone, in paint, in metals and jewels, each a perfection ungrounded and isolate, without past and without future, a Platonic idea to be loved and imitated for all time. No, the humanities had become things fleshed in history; set in perspectives of time and place and circumstance, and their import had changed with their status. The Greek past replaced the Roman at the centre of humanistic regard, and in this new guise the humanities became once more impedimenta of an army of rebellion, engines and banners in their battle for their new freedom of "self-expression," "harmonious self-development," and all the other catch-words wherewith was designated the rejection of the doctrine and discipline of which these same classics were ostensible instruments.

From Winkelmann and Goethe to Swinburne and Matthew Arnold, the end which these instruments were supposed to serve was conceived of in identical terms. But Romanticism was not the only aspect of the new time. Its Humanism needed to hold its precarious place against old privilege and new power, against authority, against science, against industry. Both the receding old order and the advancing new beat upon it. As the tide of industry gathered sweep and momentum, it was thrust farther and farther from the course of life. Finally it was again left, higher and drier than ever, in the schools. There it remains, a doctrine and a discipline, undergoing an ever quicker attrition as the backwash of social change overflows into educational policy. Its votaries are a diminishing sect, and they fight for its survival in even those poor places with a courage that does not lack its latencies of fear. Humanity, however, has passed the humanities by. As they survive in the schools, they are no longer pertinent to its concerns and the Humanism they are supposed to conserve, to express and to transmit is unrelated to its life. Yet let no one mourn the irony of its sad fate; its priests declare that it is mankind, not Humanism, that is aborted.

Shade of Pococurante! To understand this fine flower of the humanistic spirit it is necessary only to note the bearings, in the community, of the humanists themselves. They are essential Laputans. In the security of the academic environment, they

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live beside life, not in it. What is dynamic in life does not touch them, and would probably consume them if it did. The things they live among are finished things, whose growth is done; things, consequently, cut off from the nourishing stream of community and conflict in aspiration and endeavor which is society, and apart from which, as the ancients well knew, nothing human can either grow or ripen. The things they live among are past things, dead things, things immortal, and possessed of that discreteness and immutability which pertain to the dead past. For only the dead can be immortal and changeless and fixed in their natures. What lives and has a future, is labile and fluid. For it, there are no finalities, whether of rule or being. All is future, tentative, experimental; every mould surpassed, every category overflowed. This is why humanity has a history, and the perfections of its works are various and not one. Minds may, however, by revulsion or decision, cut themselves off from the future. They may surrender themselves to the sole contemplation of things past and dead, that is, eternal and immortal. Such minds, minding such things, cannot overcome the illusion that the things are still forces in themselves. They cannot see that even as doctrine and discipline the humanities must have had foundations before they ever in their turn could become foundations, and that their own foundations must continue to sustain them if they are in their turn to sustain anything else. For such minds nourish the dead ghost they adore from the unknown root of their own passions, and attribute the warmth it merely gives back to a life in the thing itself, as a country boy might who, blowing his willow whistle, should insist that there's a bird in the hollow reed. This is a very distilling of sunbeams out of cucumbers, like all attribution of the energies of men to their trappings and circumstance.

H. M. KALLEN.

(To be continued)

The Americanization of Christmas

FROM lower Fifth Avenue's churches Christian people streamed out and turned toward the Square. Warm lights in the doorways reflected the spirit which had bound them on Christmas Eve in worship with their kind. On either side of the lower church, fir trees spread their lighted branches and helped sustain the spirit the people had brought with them into the open. Down the Avenue the great neighborhood tree shone through the arch in Washington Square.

All the week before cards had announced through the district carolling on the Square for Christmas Eve. They had found their way to the hotels that strangers might feel themselves one of a joyous city family on Christmas Eve. They were in evidence in the coffee houses of Sullivan Street and Bleecker Street and in all the Italian district south of the Square. They were placed in the restaurants of the West Side where students from over the earth supped and exchanged opinion.

The crowd had circled the arch which formed the frame for the tree, the symbol of the brotherhood of mankind. The air was cold but the warmth of people's hearts fed their spirits. It was Christmas Eve. They had come to pay homage to the great brother of all men.

> Glory to God in the Highest,
> Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men.

Abruptly the band burst forth over the heads of the crowd. The military march startled the people. They straightened up, let go of the arms they had been clasping. Knees bent ready to mark time. Were they robots, were they wooden soldiers, were they marionettes? Certainly the response was not to feelings within them. There was a lull, and eyes turned toward the man in soldier's uniform who led the band in its strange selection. These people had come for Christmas carolling under the auspices of the Washington Square Association and the movie man was already putting the event on record.

The band stopped. Upon the white stone of the arch a colored picture was flashed. Behold, the American flag unfurled by magic lantern. And the band struck up again, this time a still more lively march. Was it Sousa? It made no difference. No one cared. The perplexity grew. And again the flag was unfurled.

What were we celebrating? Was it not the festival of the Nativity? Why the marches led by the man in uniform? Had Christ's coming stiffened men's backs and set them goose-stepping over God's earth? Why the American flag? Was the Christ child an American product, or did he have any exclusive message for the United States? It was all very strange.

The third time the band performed. Then the lantern threw its light again. Words this time on the stone face of the arch—on the face that looked toward the Italian section and toward the Latin Quarter, the Bohemia of the United States. There were other words but one line stood out for its words were in capitals:

> . . . we are AMERICANS and CHRISTIANS. . . .

The night air was cold when arms were not linked. Damp from the pavements chilled when hearts were not warmed. First one and then another moved off. There were few from the South of the Square to go. But as they went the strains of a lukewarm Heilige Nacht straggled up from the crowd, from an atmosphere of marches and uniforms, and of a superior gathering in of skirts from the other peoples of the world.

S. ADELE SHAW.

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Bonar Law and Reparations

WHEN on December 12th M. Poincaré, Signor Mussolini, and M. Theunis left London after the failure of the preliminary Reparations Conference, there emerged three truths about the contemporary situation in Europe:

(1) That a settlement was not less urgent, but further off than ever.

(2) That the Near Eastern and the Reparation settlement in the present phase of the problems were inter-dependent.

(3) That the Bonar Law Cabinet, whatever else it might do abroad, was unlikely to break the Entente with France.

Lord Curzon, and M. Barrère had been anxiously watching the three days' conversations in London, because whatever semblance of a Near Eastern peace they might patch up at Lausanne depended chiefly on the continuance of the Allied unity so recently recaptured. By the same token Mr. Chicherin was watching from Lausanne in the expectation of a break in London, hoping thereby that Ismet Pasha would be thrown back into his arms.

Faced, however, with the stone wall offered by M. Poincaré, Mr. Bonar Law took refuge in an "adjournment" of the discussions till January 2nd. The only good done at the London Conference was that M. Poincaré promised not to send French troops into the Ruhr before January 15th. It is sometimes forgotten that the whole organization for a French occupation of Essen and Bochum (which was the minimum demand made by M. Poincaré in London) has been ready for twelve months. At one word of command from Paris the Ruhr falls completely and immediately into French hands. An unlucky chance has concentrated within the hundred square miles which constitute the Ruhr the whole nerve centre of German industry.

The Krupps have their properties at Essen, the Stinnes at Bochum, and they with the minor Ruhr magnates hold the bulk of German wealth. To France the Ruhr at present spells Germany. As Marshal Foch once said: "March to Berlin? That would be a waste of time. The heart of Germany is in the Ruhr, which is much nearer." It seems now to be established that the main reason why the French government in preparing for the London Conference made up its mind to occupy the Ruhr—with the apparent approval of general French opinion—was that a "mainmise," as the French eloquently called it, over the Ruhr properties could be used as a big stick wherewith to thrash the Germans into paying. Their object was not to capture the German industries for themselves, although once in the Ruhr it might be difficult to dislodge them. The prospect of a Loucheur out-Stinnesing Stinnes by a combine of Lorraine ore and Ruhr coal wherewith to electrify Europe and found a munitions industry which would make France the military dictator of Europe, is nothing more than a bogey. If the French go into the Ruhr the first thing they will do will be to ruin it, as they have already nearly ruined the Lorraine steel industry. They are not likely ever to be an industrial people, if only for the reason that France is one of the most self-supporting countries in Europe. Not merely the tradition and training but the impetus and necessity which are behind the manufacturers of South Lancashire and South Germany are lacking in the case of Frenchmen. That Mr. Lloyd George last August agreed to differ from M. Poincaré, while Mr. Bonar Law in December adopted the formula of adjourning the discussions with M. Poincaré was due to their common realization that a French mainmise over Germany, whatever else its result, would be a disaster for European trade and for European peace. Yet the Bonar Law government showed itself less likely to break with France than its predecessor, partly because of its recent election pledges, partly because Mr. Lloyd George might be given an opening which he would not be slow to take on the floor of the House.

The Brussels Conference, which had been arranged for December 15th, went by the board, although it is possible that if agreement is reached after the Paris exchange of views, the plenary Allied Conference may again be fixed for Brussels. On the last day of the Conference in London certain members of the British and French delegations made an attempt to concoct some compromise such as would allay M. Poincaré's distrust of Germany, and at the same time would prevent the catastrophe of a French occupation of the Ruhr. It was known that the British Cabinet had met in the morning (December 11th) and had strengthened the Prime Minister's hands in resisting M. Poincaré's proposals. The compromise suggested was that a "buffer" period should be established between January 15th and the beginning of an eventual occupation of the Ruhr, such occupation to be carried out only if Germany failed to fulfill certain conditions in the meantime. In other words they suggested that the Germans should be informed that a moratorium would be granted on conditions and under guarantees, including the deposition of a cash security within say two months, failing which the French would enter the Ruhr with British support. Inasmuch as the cash security mentioned was that suggested by Mr. Bonar Law himself the day before, namely 500,000,000 gold marks—which

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Germany could mobilize by the sale of foreign securities—it was hoped that the compromise might prove practicable. It would moreover throw upon the Germans during the buffer period the responsibility of what happened to the Ruhr.

M. Poincaré, however, proved too rigid to allow even of the discussion of any compromise. He took his stand on the two following minimum points:

(1) That the French government reserve the right to occupy Essen and Bochum at any moment as a guarantee of Germany's good behavior under any arrangement that might be reached in London or in Brussels. (It should be remarked that when the break came he suspended the operation of this point till January 15th.)

(2) That he would consent to the cancellation of German "C" bonds only to the equivalent extent of the total sum of inter-Allied debt.

The "C" bonds under the 1921 schedule of payment represented £4¼ thousand millions out of £6,600,000,000 and were to be issued in accordance with the German capacity to pay, such capacity to be determined on the basis of the yield of the 25 percent tax on the value of exports, interest to be 5 percent and the Sinking Fund 1 percent. If in return for a cancellation of inter-Allied debts M. Poincaré had been willing to wipe out the whole of the "C" bonds from Germany's total liability, there would at any rate have been a possibility of continuing the discussions.

At the end of the Conference in London an official communiqué was issued in which appeared the following sentence: "The Allied Prime Ministers have carefully examined the present position of the Reparation problem as well as the cognate question of the inter-Allied European debts." The official communiqué issued on the first day of the Conference used the words "the problem of Reparations and inter-Allied debts." When he left London M. Poincaré represented the addition of the qualifying word "European" inter-Allied debts as a personal triumph. He seemed curiously to be under the impression that he had obtained from Mr. Bonar Law a promise in principle to deal with inter-Allied debts in Europe without reference to the British debt to America; that in fact he had killed the Balfour note of last August.

In jumping to that conclusion his accustomed logic failed him. His premise was wrong. What Mr. Bonar Law had suggested was that the British government might be prepared to consider the question of European debts apart from that of the American debt, and would even promise the cancellation of the French debt, on conditions. The conditions it is true had nothing to do with America, but one of them was important for M. Poincaré's argument, that there should be agreement between the French and British governments over the question of the Ruhr. When the task of reaching agreement on that point was suspended, the British offer was likewise suspended.

On the other hand the Bonar Law Cabinet informed M. Poincaré that they were prepared to go further towards meeting the French point of view than was the last government. They promised, for instance, sympathetically to consider the famous "productive guarantees" such as the seizure of German customs and of the German state mines and forests, which were rejected by M. Lloyd George last August. There was a broad hint that the new British government was better disposed towards France than the old. Perversely enough M. Poincaré himself ruled out the possibility of agreement in this sense by abandoning the method of "productive guarantees" in favor of the more drastic occupation of the Ruhr.

Inter-Allied Debts

The fact that a British Funding Commission with the Chancellor of the Exchequor at its head will soon be in America is a reminder of the difficulty in which the British government finds itself in reaching a general solution of the problem of inter-Allied war debts. The first fact on which British policy has to be based is that in any event we have to pay our debt of about £1,000,000,000 to America. The present arrangement, pending a decision by the Funding Commission in America, is that Britain pays interest on her debt to America and provides for it in the Budget at the rate of £50,000,000 a year. In accordance with the terms of the American refunding act the debt has to be paid off within twenty-five years, and annual interest will be chargeable at not less than 4¼ percent.

Now it ought to be obvious as a matter of practical politics that the British government cannot unconditionally cancel the European debts owed to it when at the same time it has to shoulder its own debt to America.

During the last twelve months there have been three phases in the attitude of the British government towards the problem of inter-Allied debts. The first was that which obtained between the Chequers meeting at the end of 1921 and the drawing up of the first scheme of Sir Basil Blackett in February of this year. The central idea of it was that Germany's total obligation should be reduced by handing over to her a liability for the general body of inter-Allied debt, it being tacitly understood between the Allies that the settlement of these debts should not be exacted. The success of that scheme depended on the cooperation of America. The second phase started when it became obvious that America would not participate in the cancellation of inter-Allied debts. The policy of the British government in this new situation was expressed in the Balfour note of last August, the principle of which was that Great Britain would have to call upon the payment of

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her own debts in Europe up to the extent necessary for her own payment of the debt to America. With the opening of the recent Reparation Conference in London there emerges a third, or at any rate the possibility of a third phase, which consists in the cancellation of the French and Italian debts to Great Britain as one side of a bargain, the other side of which would be a French undertaking to meet the British point of view over the question of the occupation of the Ruhr.

The First Phase

The details of the Blackett scheme were published in the New Republic of April 12, 1922 (Preliminaries of Genoa) .

The Second Phase

The point of the much criticized Balfour note of last August simply was that in sheer self-defence Britain must exact payment from Europe at least up to the extent needed for Britain's repayment of the American debt, namely to the extent of about £1,000,000,000 or one-third of our total credit. When it is remembered that, according to the British view of the matter, the whole of the British debt to America was incurred indirectly on behalf of our continental Allies, the force of the argument contained in the Balfour note became overwhelming.

During the first period of the war Great Britain lent to her European Allies about £2,000,000,000. In the later period of the war France and Italy were unable to raise enough credits in America for munitions and war material to satisfy their needs. Having already advanced some £2,000,000,000 to Europe, England could no longer finance both herself and her Allies. She was faced, however, with the urgent necessity of advancing still more to Europe if the war was to be carried on, and she realized that there was only one method of doing so, namely by herself incurring credits in America on behalf of France and Italy. What happened was described by Sir Robert Horne, then Chancellor of the Exchequor in the House of Commons on October 20, 1921. He said, "I think the simplest method of expressing the position is to say that after the entry of the United States into the war this country borrowed from the United State government a sum of 4,277,000,000 dollars (£876,000,000 at par), and that during the period in which this country was borrowing from the United States government the British government advanced to its Allies £897,000,000. If we had not had to meet any cause for assistance from our Allies it would have been unnecessary for us to ask assistance from the United States government."

The Third Phase

At the opening of the recent Conference in London Mr. Bonar Law suggested a third way out. By offering to accept payment of the French debt to Britain in German "C" bonds the British government would effectively cancel the French debt and reserve to itself the option of reducing Germany's total liability by refraining from demanding a redemption of the bonds. The offer was conditional on M. Poincaré's giving up, or at any rate considerably modifying, his demand for the occupation of the Ruhr.

George Glasgow.

London.

Bumbs and Bybies

He was a bit of a philosopher. Nineteen years in England's army had afforded plenty of time for turning over the world's tangled affairs in his mind.

We met on a street corner in Cologne. He was willing to have a drink. Münchener is cheap. Two cents buys enough to make a thirsty American weep out of sheer joy. I furnished the beer. He furnished the philosophy.

"How do you like Germany?" I asked.

"Fine!"

"But what about the Germans?" I persisted.

"Oh, why kick a man when he is down? They're licked. That's the end of it. That is the difference between France and England. England knows when a war is over. France never does."

This was not enough. As a loyal American, one hundred percent just, I had to find evidence against this degenerate race. So I pressed my question, "Aren't these Germans bad ones?"

"Oh, bad enough, God knows! They were brutal. They did beastly things. Not so bad as they were painted. It was war. We all lied. We all did rotten things. A man would lose a brother. He would swear that he would get twenty—thirty—Germans, to balance up. He usually *got* them. In the field. Or prisoners. It made no difference. It was war."

"But the atrocities?"

"Oh—Yes! It was hell. Not all on one side. It was war. Time dragged on our hands. These cursed Germans were to blame. We would take a German prisoner, and put a 'bumb' in his pocket—"

"A bumb! What's that?"

"A bumb!—in his pocket, and tell him to run for it. He ran, until—Oh, it was war!"

"How do the French get along with the Germans?"

"Not at all. They do everything to stir up the Germans. These black troops at Mainz! You can't blame the Germans. They are getting more bitter every day. There will be hell to pay!"

The refrain sounded familiar. I had just come from Vienna where hell was doing considerable collecting. My philosopher continued.

"There's another war ahead. Germany won't stand it much longer. Germany is getting ready. There won't be a Frenchman alive after the next

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war. France will have to go it alone next time. We Britishers are done. No more volunteers 'for king and country!' "

"How do you soldiers get along with the Germans?"

"Oh, we are friendly! No use doing anything else. I have a German girl. Gone with her two years. See her three times every week. That makes it nice. Nice girl, too. And we have a byby."

"A what?"

"A byby. Six months old. Nice byby. Girl wanted me to marry her. I told her that didn't go. As soon as you marry a woman she has the upper hand, and gets hard to handle. I just told her that if she would behave herself, that I would look after her and the byby, and we would have a good time. I get eight thousand marks a month. It is plenty."

A perfectly simple tale. Bumbs and bybies! The next war and hell to pay. C'est la guerre! After all, I suppose that it was better than no war at all.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

Poetries

Johannes Kreisler, by Carl Meinhard and Rudolf Bernauer. Adapted by Louis N. Parker. Apollo Theatre. December 23, 1922.

The Tidings Brought to Mary, by Paul Claudel. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. The Garrick Theatre. December 25, 1922.

A POOR actor and the play of Johannes Kreisler would go easily and comfortably together: Ben-Ami in it forces us to take the play as an event. He is a biting test of the genuineness of the piece and a revelation of whatever truth there may be in it. But it would be stupid to judge this play of Johannes Kreisler for what it is not and to disparage it by standards that could never concern it at all.

The forty-one scenes of this drama, as they flash back and forth in stage space and in stage time past and present, are the story that Master Kreisler tells of his life, his music, his impetuosity, his loves of Julia, Euphemia and the prima donna who sings Doña Anna, all one woman's soul beloved by him and brought to him at last when, sitting in the box long after the opera has closed, he sees on the stage the vision of this woman come back to him and floats down to her. Next night he hears how at that very hour she had died; and at the news his own death comes. The story here is all of Hoffmann, all of the romantic age of our great grandfathers, all of the stuff of Byron's weaker side and Tom Moore and those once modish romances of melancholy and of passionate wills, bare throats and doves. The drama here is all a series of picture post-cards drunk with electric light, highly fascinating, if you like them, in the manner of those great German Easter eggs in which you gaze and see miracles of light, of snow, meadows, cows walking, angels rising, a heavenly radiance in sugar. It is not exalted or imaginative—how many things in town are?—but it is fanciful and ingenious and startling. And two or three times it is quite lovely, the scenes from Don Carlos for example, where behind the footlights and the low grill, the rout of figures pass and the two figures appear in silver and black, against the blackness beyond them. So far as plot goes, the mechanism of the narrative devices remain, on the whole, upon any serious import or meaning as intrusive as that of the visual devices. But though the dramatic thread of this plot does wander and tangle rather dangerously, in the earlier scenes especially, it gets tauter as the play progresses and takes on toward the last a definite convincingness.

Into all this scheme of things the actors fit pleasantly. In the first act the reading of the dialogue comes rather stalely to the ears, the actors speaking together sound staccato and stupidly foreign. But Mr. Kippen has a certain adequate intention that is easily as good as the medium given him to work with. The sincerity that Miss Robb brings to her business is so valuable that I find myself wishing that technically she would study to keep her voice in place, it wanders from the line, and to project her effects more securely over the footlights. But throughout she conveys a gentle delicacy and softness that are right for this part of the eternal woman as the story, the romantic epoch and Kreisler himself see her, and as she is seen by a furtive tradition in the minds of most mere men, despite suffrage, despite the modern male and female light, despite that gobbling and chasing scheme of nature against evolving mankind that Mr. Shaw's woman is. And Miss Robb's admirable subordination of the woman to the stronger effect, to the impact of the man's dream of her, is kept up through the three characters she has to play; she remains always the dream, the solace, the enveloping tenderness and knowledge.

Ben-Ami brings to the play something that in any art strikes always freshly on us, the shock of the real. When the curtain rises on the young composer lying there at the foot of the tree looking up, we see such an example of a tragic mask as is nowhere else in our theatre. We see from the very start, too, a kind of intensity of unity, in body, thought and feeling, that is terrible and moving. From the start we get the sense of a certain sincerity, a refusal to let life—even the life of this flimsy stage world set out there for him—slip through his fingers; a desire to take this life into himself and to pay out of himself the cost of the dreams and passions and tragedy—however flimsily imagined by the dramatist—that are before him. As the scenes develop one sees further that what is happening to this Johannes Kreisler, at least as Ben-Ami plays him, is that the experience that he feels, the living that takes place in him, becomes larger than any individual instance of it could ever be. Some poignancy from without seems to gather on that poignant body before us. Some identity with all life is established for the life going on in this one man. Ben-Ami as an artist has so pressing a reality within him that what he creates can no longer remain itself but appears in terms of a more complete reality or idea. In a word his creation of the rôle becomes poetic.

The Tidings Brought to Mary has the poetic also; but the process is reversed. Here the poetry arises not so much from the actors as from the whole production and from the mind that underlies the substance of the play.

The acting in The Tidings Brought to Mary is only so so. The women are much better than the men; Miss Jeanne de Casalis and Miss Mary Fowler in the scene where the child is brought to life, really succeed in creating an ecstatic moment. And Miss Helen Westley, as the woman who has borne the burden of the lives around her and, when she is grown dry and empty, is

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abandoned by her husband and children for their separate pilgrimages, has something about her that is like the picture of his mother that Dürer drew, something like an old and worn and exhausted, bitter soil, like blood and ashes mingled, a piece of acting that is nearly if not quite always fine and doubly so for its remarkable costume.

Claudel's Mystery as the Theatre Guild produces it, is acted on a stage that has no curtain but only a set arrangement that will be varied by the simplest of devices in lighting and by the exits and entrances of a silent chorus of nuns. The play opens with a blue night falling over the scene and a splash of such beautiful, hazy, golden stars as will haunt the mind till they return again when the story is ended. Pierre the leper comes to say farewell to Violaine, who loves Jacques. And because he is so sad and she is so happy she kisses him. Time passes. The old father will set out for Jerusalem, leaving his farm and the care of the convent on it, to Jacques, who is to marry Violaine. Violaine has become a leper from the kiss she once gave Pierre, and Jacques, thinking that she had betrayed him, scorns her and leads her away to a lonely retreat. Years pass, the old mother is dead; Mara, who has married Jacques, comes now to the blind leper woman, who she thinks has become a saint, demanding to have the child given back to her. All night they pray, Violaine holding the little body to her breast, Mara saying the old words that narrate the birth of Christ. And as the sun's first light appears, the child's body stirs. More years pass. Pierre, now well again, leaves his work on the Cathedral to bring the unconscious Violaine to die in her father's house; she has been trapped to her death by the hatred of her sister. Violaine tells Jacques the truth about all that has happened to him and her and of how from the moment life came into the child's body she herself was healed. The father returns from his pilgrimage to find Violaine dead. The nuns bear her out on their shoulders.

Such is the crude story of the play, but only that. The Tidings Brought to Mary has in it something that is like the drama of the mass—the mass with its mystical strata of forms, its music and core of light—carried out now in terms of human beings, human visions and human acts. And as Claudel's play draws to an end we know what these tidings are: that a child is born to men, a perpetual renewal of life among men through beauty and passion and the mystical power of thought. And we see in the play the objects and actions and the life around them become one; the bread these people break is not only bread but all life; and all life is included and renewed in the bread. In a word the play becomes poetic.

And so the poetic arises, though diversely and with a different air, both from The Tidings Brought to Mary and from Ben-Ami's Kreisler. And these two things illustrate very well what the nature of the poetic in the theatre is. The poetic treatment aims, by any imaginative means or technical resource possible, to bring to bear on the one the revelation of the universal or permanent, of the all, and to force the all to embody and reveal itself in the one. The poetic vision consists in seeing the thing in the light of some larger idea that exists in our experience, in the light of some idea which is made to impinge on the single thing and in which the single thing is made to participate. The poetic dilates the single instance, and tries to give it life, and to arrest its transiency, by fixing on it some permanency out of our ideal experience. The poetic is a perpetual creation and renewal of life in life.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

The Triumph of Youth

SIR: In days when it is customary to expound the defects of the rising generation it is pleasant to find that youth often justifies itself in a quite unexpected manner to a quite unexpected degree, and confirms the suspicion of some of its teachers that it has rather more than its share of talent, ability and courage. A striking example of this has been given by the Harvard Dramatic Club, which entirely against the advice of many of the elders who were consulted decided to put on the stage Andreyev's The Life of Man, and did so with more success than has attended any performance in recent years.

The Life of Man is in itself one of the most interesting experiments in the art of dramatic writing. No better definition of the purpose of tragedy will ever be given than the time-honored one that it serves to "purify by pity and fear." It was the object of the Greek tragedians, and of the great tradition which they handed on, to perform this office by setting before our eyes the story of great men, suffering terribly yet living heroically, and succumbing at last to the inevitable decree of fate, defeated yet not dishonored. More modern writers such as Shaw and Galsworthy have endeavored to illustrate the same truths, but instead of taking some great man as the centre of their plays they have preferred obscure and mediocre persons who, caught in the gin of fate, illustrate the tragedy of life all the more poignantly because their story is unrelieved by the personal greatness of the sufferer. Still, whether the story of great men or little be told, there has always been the same idea—to illustrate the tragic workings of fate by a special instance, enabling us to draw general conclusions from individual stories. Andreyev in The Life of Man offers an almost perfect example of a radically different method of presentation. Almost absolutely does he avoid the particular. In his play is a minimum of narrative and of incident. It consists entirely of five representations of the crowning points to be found in the life of every man—birth, youthful struggle, success, misfortune, death. It is symbolism carried to its highest point: for its presentation it requires actors who are not merely trained in the technique of the dramatic art, but also imbued by the spirit of symbolism, and decorators who understand the meaning of the play which they illustrate, and can carry out its suggestion in every detail.

It would be hard to find conditions for successfully producing this play in the best professional theatres in New York. It is not strange that the older advisors thought that the Harvard Dramatic Club was steering straight for certain failure when it decided to attempt this task. But the young men and girls of the Club were right; they knew what they could do, and they did it. The play was a success in every detail, not least in the stage settings, which were the most successful seen for many years in Boston or Cambridge. And the effect of the whole was enhanced by strangely beautiful music, also the composition of an undergraduate. Altogether it was a memorable

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performance which will remain long in the minds of those who saw it. It is much to be regretted that it could not be produced at least for a few nights, just as it was in Cambridge, in one of the smaller theatres in New York where there would surely be many who would be delighted to see it and who would probably come more than once.

KIRSOPP LAKE.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

From the Secretary of Labor

SIR: My attention has just been called to an article in the issue of the New Republic dated October 11, 1922, which severely criticizes the statistical work of the Department of Labor in connection with some remarks which I made in relation to the problem of unemployment. At that time I pointed out that despite the industrial revival which had restored employment to millions there were daily unemployed by reason of separation from any payroll 1,500,000 workers and that the time of 1,500,000 was lost daily through part time employment. Your article makes these figures the basis for an attack upon the reliability of the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics is at present under the charge of Commissioner Ethelbert Stewart, who is looked upon by men familiar with his work as one of the most competent, conscientious, and accurate statisticians in the United States. He has been in the Bureau for many years and was associated in this work with Mr. Carroll D. Wright and his successors whose methods were deservedly praised in your article. Mr. Stewart's elevation to his present position was practically unanimously endorsed by the statistical organizations of the country. His reports are universally accepted as accurate, fair and thorough.

The Department of Labor is not in the fortune telling business. It acts upon facts, and to ascertain those facts it has the services of the Bureau of Labor Statistics which is generally recognized for the accurate, painstaking character of its work.

The figures to which you take exception are those arrived at after a careful survey of the available data on unemployment by Ernest S. Bradford, Ph. D., a member of the Economic Advisory Committee of the President's Conference on Unemployment. The figures were reviewed and checked by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which at the time they were published, accepted them as substantially accurate. There can be no doubt that they represent the latest and best data in the field of unemployment statistics where, as you know, accurate figures are difficult indeed to reach. Recognizing your interest in this problem I am sending you herewith a copy of Dr. Bradford's report.

Let me assure you of my appreciation of your interest in this problem, and let me express the hope that you will lend the aid of your publication to its solution. We can agree that the matter is one of grave consequence to the country. I will welcome any criticism which will in any way help toward meeting it.

Department of Labor,
Washington, D. C. JAMES J. DAVIS.

Our Struggling Writers

SIR: I am enclosing a check which you will please include in the fund for the destitute German author whose case was presented by Babette Deutsch in the New Republic. It is much less than I should like to contribute, but perhaps there will be others.

It seems to me that the plight of this young German will be a reminder, to certain of our cognoscenti, of a familiar evil at home. Its American analogue, arising in the neglect of our creative spirit by the intolerant success-standards of the prosperous bourgeoisie, has the additional flavor of irony in its dish of this universally bitter potage. Indeed, most of our struggling writers cease to struggle. They seldom attain to the dignity of starvation, usually becoming financially independent hacks or mere failures in life, that is, unsuccessful businessmen; but this state of things is hardly due to free choice. It may be doubted whether the glimpse which Babette Deutsch gives us of the German scene discloses a situation more discouraging, howbeit more appealing, than that of the contempt and often positive hostility with which the sincere and untrammelled artist meets in the Republic. Perhaps nothing can be done about this.

Is there not also an irony in the fact that we send dollars to the German and voice wistful protests for the American?

ALLEN TATE.

Nashville, Tennessee.

Clive Bell and Piano Tuning

SIR: It is always unfair to press anothers man's analogies too far. Yet it does seem that Mr. Clive Bell, in his recent controversy with Mr. Llewellyn Jones, made his point rather too aptly when he sought to establish the special gift for the appreciation of the visual arts by reminding us that the "vast majority cannot really tell when a piano is slightly out of tune." This is to infer that only piano tuners, or persons equally gifted, can appreciate music. Mr. Bell's analogy overlooks the fact that piano tuning, though generally practiced by persons of specially acute hearing, is susceptible of exact mechanical determination. No such scientific exactitude is possible in Mr. Bell's realm of "significant form." Or at least Mr. Bell has not yet presented us with anything analogous to the tuning fork for the determination of abstract significance in form. An argument between two piano tuners could always be settled, and the verdict would show that one or the other was defective in hearing. But an argument between Mr. Bell and, say, another Mr. Bell would simply remain an argument de gustibus. This, of course, is just the danger of Mr. Bell's theory, as Mr. Bell must have long since discovered. It is the danger of any monarchical theory based upon an assumption of privileged gift or divine right. It must forever challenge combat without ever admitting defeat.

MICHAEL FINEGAN.

Nyack, New York.

How Nice to Be Poor

SIR: In search of material for a novel dealing with the California syndicalism law, I found these lines which might have been uttered by the ironical Dean Swift. Instead, they are part of a talk given by the Honorable Frank R. Willis, Judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County. He is addressing several I. W. W.'s on trial for criminal syndicalism. I quote exactly from the record of case No. 14631—*The People of the State of California* against the men charged with the crime. Said his Honor: "For this offence to which you have pleaded guilty, you, and each of you, are liable to imprisonment in the state prison from one to fourteen years. That is the penalty which the state provides, and that has been made necessary because of the false doctrines you have been advocating. You advocate in your literature that the poor man has no chance. You take the laws of this state and they are all made for the poor man. The poor man does not have any income tax to pay; the rich man does. The rich man makes a little profit, and they take it from him by excess profit taxes. A rich man gets sick and wants to go to a hospital and he goes to the California hospital and pays from $25 to a thousand dollars a week. If a poor man gets sick he can go to the County Hospital. If a rich man gets old he has no one to take of him; he has to go around and do the best he can, but if a poor man gets old he can go to the County Farm. If a man has a little property and a corporation owes him money and does not pay him, he has to pay out his money to get it. If a laboring man has money owing to him, he goes to the State Labor Commission and they will collect it for him. . . ."

This same member of Lincoln's profession when asked by a Wobbly if he or the organization was on trial, replied, "Stick around, Kid, and you'll find out." He did. He is doing from one to fourteen years in San Quentin.

Hollywood, California. JIM TULLY.

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The Higher Nationalism

Americans, by Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY in The Rise of the Greek Epic defines the attitude of the Greeks toward the arts as so many forms or parts of the service of man. "As soon as they began to reflect about literature at all—which they did very early—the main question they asked about each writer was almost always upon these lines: 'Does he help to make better men?' 'Does he make life a better thing?'" And he cites the question asked in The Frogs: "On what grounds poets should be admired?" and the reply put into the mouth of Euripides, "Because we make men better in cities." This is precisely the point of view in criticism held by Professor Sherman. He holds the highest function of literature to be a public one. But the unit of commonwealth which in Greece was the city is in the modern world the nation. Accordingly Professor Sherman asks in regard to his subjects, "Do they make men better in nations?" He asks it with a full appreciation of that "sense for Humanity above all nations" into which the world is growing, and condemnation of "that inflamed and egotistical nationalism" which was "the prime cause of the world's catastrophe." But he believes that the spirit of America, as clear-eyed poets and statesmen have seen her, is in no way dangerous to Humanity; that "the more clearly we understood her inmost purposes and set ourselves to further them, the more perfectly we should find ourselves in accord with 'the friends of mankind' in all nations."

It is then in the effort to emphasize elements of the past which are valuable in the tradition of this higher nationalism that Professor Sherman brings together his essays. Naturally he preludes his book with an onslaught on the critic whom he recognizes as the chief foe of that tradition, Mr. H. L. Mencken, and in this paper and the one which follows it on Tradition he buffets those critics of America who are unable to rise above the shortcomings in American culture, and their lack of individual satisfaction in her collective complacency. Perhaps it is with a sense of condescension to the occasion that Mr. Sherman assumes a sort of slapstick manner such as Samson may have affected while knocking the Philistines about with the jawbone of an ass.

The studies which follow are serene and scholarly essays on Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whitman—and where could Mr. Sherman have found better exponents of his thesis? Franklin is presented as the apostle of enlightened worldliness, the follower of the life of reason, the wise diplomat who in a treaty with Prussia "obtained the incorporation of an article so restricting the 'zone of war' as to make a war between Prussia and the United States under its terms virtually impossible." Emerson appears in antithesis as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit;" but Mr. Sherman reminds us constantly that this concern with spiritual things did not imply withdrawal from practical interests, but rather an emancipated outlook upon them. It is entirely to Mr. Sherman's purpose to recall Emerson's critical political attitude. "Every actual state is corrupt." "Good men must not obey the laws too well." "When a whole nation is roaring Patriotism at the top of its voice I am fain to explore the cleanness of its hands and the purity of its heart."

In Hawthorne and Whitman, Professor Sherman finds no less vivid if less obvious illustrations of his thesis. In the tradition of America the two most original and constant elements are puritanism and democracy. Of Hawthorne as representative of the former Professor Sherman writes in terms which dispose of Matthew Arnold's distinction between Hebraism and Hellenism, and remind us that Plato was a puritan:

> But if Puritanism in America means today what the lineal and spiritual descendants of the Puritans exemplified at their best in Emerson's New England—emancipation from ecclesiastical and social oppression, escape from the extortion of the senses and the tyranny of things, a consciousness at least partly liberated from the impositions of space and time, freedom for self-dominion, a hopeful and exultant effort to enter into right, and noble, and harmonious relations with the highest impulses of one's fellows, and a vision, a love, a pursuit of the beauty which has its basis in "the good and true"—if Puritanism means these things, then Hawthorne was a Puritan.

In Whitman, Professor Sherman sees the prophet of democracy as the inevitable experiment which "is going to be tried whether we like it or not;" and he praises him for fulfilling the highest function of the poet in ministering to the individual consciousness in the midst of the always more burdensome preoccupations of social life.

> What is the purpose and the effect of great poetry—of Homer, The Psalms, Beowulf, Richard III, Paradise Lost? It is to raise man in the midst of his common life above the level of his ordinary emotion by filling him with a sentiment of his importance as a moral being and of the greatness of his destiny. Does Whitman's poetry accomplish that end? It does.

These essays and that on the Adams family give the volume its high quality as an interpretation of American life in the light of its most distinguished and most serviceable traditions. The remaining articles are occasional in origin and immediately directed to other objects than that which Mr. Sherman sets forth in his preface. The account of Joaquin Miller is intended as a frontispiece to a collection of Miller's verse and as such is well enough, but the author misses an opportunity to set the counterfeit nationalistic currency so liberally issued by Miller in contrast with the true coin. Again, in his review of Andrew Carnegie's autobiography Mr. Sherman seems to dwell by preference on the things which are beside his point and to ignore those which are most germane to it. For instance, the most significant part of Carnegie's record is not that of his accumulation of wealth or his enjoyment of it or his disposition of it; it is the revelation which it brings to Americans through Carnegie's testimony, that led by personal ambition and party politics their country committed the greatest crime of nations in engaging in avoidable war and wanton conquest.

This subject is raised again in the essay on Roosevelt. Mr. Sherman is under no illusions as to Roosevelt's part in bringing on the Spanish war, or contributing by speech and act to the spirit of militaristic imperialism which was to lay the world in waste. His internationalism appeared chiefly in the indiscriminate disinterestedness with which he recommended imperialism to England in Egypt and India, and warned Germany against permitting the average man to lose "the fighting edge." All this is explicit in

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Mr. Sherman's essay, but his tone is elegiac rather than indignant. From the point of view of that nationalism which Mr. Sherman preaches as "in no way dangerous to Humanity," Roosevelt was very Antichrist. He is as remote from Franklin and Emerson, as Cecil Rhodes from John Stuart Mill and Richard Cobden. No one typifies more tragically the darkening of that face of the nation which was so beautiful to Whitman, to Emerson, to Lowell. In the restraint with which Professor Sherman writes of the dead we fear that this unpalatable but necessary truth will not fully dawn upon his readers, and that the judgment which is implicit in his conception of the function of criticism will appear at best but as a suspended sentence.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Morals and the Movies

The Morals of the Movies, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. $1.25.

WHEN I think of a "censor" I think of an aged man in a tile hat and a tight coat, buttoning black silk gloves around his wrists as he hurries from a theatre to summon the reserves. Here, however, is a professional censor who doesn't answer this description. Mr. Oberholtzer is Secretary of the Board that sits in judgment on the movies in Pennsylvania. But he is not a born censor like Mr. Sumner and the Reverend Dr. Straton. He is an ordinary author who became a censor accidentally, one day when the Governor's office got him on the wire. And he is still enough the author, and little enough the orthodox censor, to remark:

> I have been described as an old man who never put his foot outside his native town. My beverages, I learn from the film newspapers, are lemonade and tea. My pursuit in hours not given to official duty is knitting. I am a disciple of Anthony Comstock, a prude, a fanatic, a moralist, a bigot. Ladies may not smoke cigarettes in my presence; no kiss may be longer than five feet.

As you read, you come to the conclusion that here is a defence of censorship written by a human censor. It is an easy book to read. Mr. Oberholtzer lapses occasionally into the jargon of the Blue Law bitter-ender, but on the whole his book is freshly written. It starts with a survey of that large school of moving picture manufacturers whose creed is to arouse a prurient curiosity on the part of the weak-minded. For a sensation-jaded public they work feverishly to produce "something unusual," "something different." It is a contest in noise, and each new film must outshout its predecessor. "I sometimes think," says Mr. Oberholtzer, "that the picture has reached the screaming stage." He reviews plots struggling to be sinful. He cites instances of pathetic labor for the all-important "sex lure": Tennyson's Maud, for instance, rechristened on the screen as Naked Hearts. He lists a few months' run of thrillers: The Beast, The Hell Cat, The She Devil, The Scarlet Woman, The Sin Woman, The Scarlet Sin, The Mortal Sin, Sins of Parents, Sins of Mothers, Sins of Fathers, sins visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation. He walks you not down Broadway, with its well mannered comedies and billion-dollar pageants—but along Ninth Avenue, aflame with tawdry lithographs and reeking with cheap vice.

Mr. Oberholtzer thinks there is more of this Ninth Avenue than those of us on Broadway ever realize. He sees these "sin" pictures as "deteriorating and destructive factors." Especially are they dangerous, he thinks, because they present ideas "in a form which all but the smallest child can unmistakably understand." "I am no friend of the censor, as such," he declares. "But here are exceptional needs to cover exceptional cases." It is hopeless to expect the public to guard its morals for itself—because "we all know that for one person with a responsible social sense there are fifty who have none." Consequently there must be some socialized control. "We are entitled to some assurance that sex shall not be set before us in ugly forms. . . . Sugary, ladylike film, warranted not to hurt the littlest child, is not what any of us ask for. We wish simply that it shall be decent, as decent as the life around us." Nor is control of this sort an assault on freedom. "I find nothing strange in such an exercise of power . . . that someone, seeing all from a height and representing the common interest, should have an editor's powers over what in film output shall appear to contravene public policy."

This is Mr. Oberholtzer's argument, the wise man as his brother's keeper. It is an argument presented from the layman's point of view, and in certain places it is well documented. And yet, from a partisan so reasonable and a crusader so in earnest as Mr. Oberholtzer, I find myself expecting a good deal more on several points.

Nowhere in this book is there a real attempt to answer the fundamental counter-argument against the whole theory of a censorship: the argument that censorship costs more in surrendered intellectual freedom than it can possibly save in any theoretic check upon "temptation"—and, meantime, that it may actually whet an interest in the very "evils" it struggles to suppress. Mr. Oberholtzer may disbelieve in both these points; but he is not convincing when he overlooks them. That is what he does consistently—though on one occasion he comes perilously close to bumping into half the argument when he notes the fact that forbidding a picture in one state often "lengthens the queue in front of the ticket window" in the next.

Suppose, however, that we admit the need of some sort of censorship; a large question still remains, in deciding what sort of censorship it should be. Mr. Oberholtzer himself believes that the movie's one-night stand, plus the inadequacy of local methods of police inspection, make censorship *before* exhibition "the only practical plan of dealing with the subject." That may be true. But the difference between censorship *before* exhibition, coming from a board enthroned on high, and punishment *after*, when the picture has had its test before the public and the courts, is so fundamental in any conception of supervision over public morals that Mr. Oberholtzer owes it to his text to furnish more conclusive evidence than he has summoned in this volume.

Finally, granting that we are going to have just this kind of censor, even then Mr. Oberholtzer pays scant attention to the problem of instructing him. He should "see all from a height" and "represent the common interest." But those are vague commands. Censorship before the act is necessarily a personal equation. It happens, for instance, that Mr. Oberholtzer's Pennsylvania Board rules out as objectionable such things as "lingerie displays" and "pocket-picking," "birth control" and "theft of handbags;" another Board might not agree. The Pennsylvania law leaves everything in the hands of the administrator, rul-

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ing simply that the Board of Censors shall disapprove "such films as are sacrilegious, obscene, indecent or immoral, or such as tend, in the judgment of the Board, to debase or corrupt morals. . . ." All censorship laws read that way. And the latitude of possible interpretation, with its chances of stupidity and petty tyranny, is simply terrifying.

CHARLES MERZ.

Welcome, Stranger

The Russian Immigrant, by Jerome Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

MR. DAVIS has written a book which has quite as much to do with America as with the Russian immigrant. While it gives us a good deal to think over about the Russians, the most profitable thinking we can do as a result of reading it will be about ourselves. A number of books have been written in the last few years to encourage such thought in any who care to entertain it, books telling in detail what happens to the immigrant when he gets here, what work we give him to do, how he lives, or rather exists, and how much justification he has for thinking and talking about us with bitterness and hatred. To these books Mr. Davis has added an excellent volume, careful, restrained, thoroughly documented, all the more persuasive, when he is describing our long list of ignorances, injustices and cruelties toward the immigrant, for being animated by sincere regret rather than the triumphant malice of other critics of the "melting pot."

The melting pot doesn't melt. More people realize this than used to, but the fact cannot be too often repeated. It comes nearest melting in the case of immigrants who find work on the land. It fails worst in dealing with those who were peasants at home and are forced into mines, mills and factories when they get here. In the cities these new arrivals gravitate each to his own national group, those little islands of squalor, of discontent, of hard work, of hopes shipwrecked, where flicker feebly some last fires of music and folk-lore, embers of a foreign civilization which our own has the power to extinguish but not replace.

Perhaps the Russians are an abnormal case. Certainly they have fared as badly, and probably worse, than any other national group. We hope that what Mr. Davis found to be true of Russian immigrants who had returned to Russia is not true of others: "It was difficult to find a peasant or soldier who had been in America and was still friendly to us."

Mr. Davis estimates the number of Russians here now at about 700,000. Practically all of them were peasants in the old country, and there led a life which, while often miserably poor by our standards, had the advantages of fresh air, fairly decent food, a family, friends, and a good deal of personal independence. They arrive here almost penniless, and naturally take the first jobs they can get. From raising crops they turn suddenly to unskilled labor in mines and factories, are concentrated in such industrial states as New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and few of them find their way back to the land. The work they must do is monotonous, unbearably dull for people used to the variety of fields and seasons. The job is uncertain, as many Russians learnt from 1918 to 1920, when employers were firing or refusing to hire them because all Russians were "Bolsheviks." Belonging to the lower ranks of unskilled labor, the Russian has had little taste of union organization, he has felt himself a solitary individual subject to the curses and whims of an American foreman whom he cannot understand and often has to bribe. No wonder he said to himself "At home we have a Tsar, here we have a superintendent."

The Russian's employer, or the employer's hirelings, are often his only contact with America. What other contact there has been is even more certain to leave him with a cynical and mean opinion of the land of exile. In the last few years the Russian has learned to think of America as a place where foreigners are arrested, beaten up, deported, not for anything they had done, but because they were members of "radical" organizations, because they were found by the agents of the Department of Justice reading, talking, or amusing themselves on suspected premises. What they have seen of government are its policemen, its nightsticks, its detectives, its jails. Uncle Sam is to them a combination of cop and foreman. For save in the factory and in the cruel way-stations of justice between the "red" raid and Ellis Island they have seen little of America. They are isolated. The cities in which they live have each one its little Russian quarter of dingy tenements, dingy stores, dingy banks, dingy restaurants run by more successful and parasitic countrymen. The Russian understands English poorly, he goes to his own church; if he can read, he reads his own newspapers.

Those newspapers plainly reveal the Russian's isolation. Mr. Davis has studied them carefully. He finds in their columns little news about America, but much comment, and that nearly all what he classes as "unfavorable" or "indifferent." How little America has influenced this press is shown by the insignificant space it gives to crime stories by comparison with our own dailies. We wish Mr. Davis had said more about them, for they tell us much about the Russian immigrant. Open one of them and you have immediately passed into a small compartment of life which is cut off from America by a curious invisible partition made up of homesickness, ignorance and dislike. There is no baseball news, no comic strip. There are editorials, mostly about Russia, occasionally about American capitalists or American policemen. Some lonely soul writes to the editor from Hartford or Woonsocket complaining that all the other Russians there are drinking and playing pool. Someone signing himself "observer" deplores the lack of friendliness in American subways and streetcars, where, he says, people ride side by side for hours without speaking to each other. There are advertisements of steamers going to Odessa, to Danzig, advertisements of the quackest of quack medicines and doctors, advertisements of the works of Herzen, Tolstoy, Gorki, of books on arithmetic, personals asking "my dear wife to return home to me and six children and all will be forgiven," asking to "meet some girl or widow of not over twenty-five, object matrimony, of what nationality it does not matter."

When these do marry, and their children have gone to our schools, and speak American, and consider themselves superior to their parents, and find better jobs than they had, the spectacle of this second generation is not encouraging. They seem to have lost all their parents had of that curious peasant personal dignity, and to have gained nothing in return. Naked of all culture, loud, gum-chewing, movie-going, scornful of the old country, complacent about the new, they are the unmistakable product of an Americanization by natural processes, of a plunge, without help from anyone, into the tank of America.

What shall we do for these strangers and their children? Perhaps we can do nothing at all until we have done a good deal more for ourselves.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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A History of the Balkans

The History of the Balkan Peninsula From the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Ferdinand Schevill. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $4.00.

THIS book has long been needed. Great numbers of persons in civilized lands, and especially those who may become statesmen (statesmen after they arrive at power have apparently no time to learn anything) should be made acquainted with the comparatively small and greatly diversified area in southeastern Europe which has been a principal brewing-place of wars during all of its history. If all the experts at Paris in 1919 and 1920, as well as their official superiors, had been familiar with the fair, unprejudiced, usually limpid, and frequently shining narrative of Professor Schevill, peace might have descended upon the Levant four years ago, instead of hovering in the distance even now.

The Balkan Peninsula connotes not only wild mountains and erratic rivers, strong-armed, thick-headed peasants and fierce brigands too proud to work; but also great highways of the world and cities old in story; the prizes of wars without number and the causes of age-long struggles for far-flung commercial, political and religious dominion. Balkania, if Professor Schevill's term for the unified Balkan Peninsula be adopted, has always been an important part of the world, whether divided into small independent sections fighting bitterly and cruelly for supremacy, or built into great empires whose governments it has kept perpetually uneasy by the fear or the fact of revolt. Its relations of every kind have been vitally close with the neighboring lands of three continents; the empires to which it has belonged have ruled now from Mesopotamia to Britain, and now from Algiers and Mecca to Budapest and the Crimea. If the measure be the commotion caused among the races of mankind, its latest phase has been its greatest.

Professor Schevill is fully conscious of the living importance of the critical events and major forces of Balkan history. He has striven with much success, however, to refrain from abstract comment or pointed moralizing, and to permit salutary generalizations to reveal themselves. He has thrown emphasis upon the modern period by handling the Greek and Roman phases very briefly, by giving a little less than one-fourth of his pages to the Byzantine epoch and a like space to the Ottoman epoch before 1800, and by reserving almost exactly half of his book for the epoch of Balkan liberation. It is possible to take exception at some points to his selection and exclusion of material; for example, he might have given a less complete sketch of the history and structure of the Byzantine and the Ottoman empires, and described more fully the character and traits of the different Balkan peoples. As he himself says: "the completed work has something of the character of a history of the whole Near East." But on the whole he has handled remarkably well, and better than any predecessor, the very complex problem of preserving unity in the history of a region which contains many areas and peoples, with all sorts of internal and external relationships, as these have been separated and recombined in endless ways through more than two thousand years.

The point of view maintained is surprisingly near to impartiality, so that the book lacks such unreliability as has shortened the period of usefulness of many recent works. The belief, however, that the Slavs of Macedonia are Bulgarian only by reason of propaganda exerted since 1878 overlooks the fact that since the first Bulgarian empire of the tenth century these people have been considered to be Bulgars by themselves and their neighbors. Apart from this, the assignment to Serbia of the Vardar valley contrary to the wishes of nearly all its inhabitants is out of harmony with the spirit of the times and leaves a sense of injustice there and in Bulgaria which cannot easily be remedied.

Errors of fact appear to be remarkably few, and mostly of too little consequence to deserve attention here. It may be questioned whether at all times from the sixth to the eleventh centuries Constantinople was "the most learned and civilized . . . the busiest and richest city of the world," and the later Roman Empire "the greatest state in the world" (pp. 58, 113); not to examine India and China, cases might be made out at some junctures for Damascus, Bagdad, Cordova and Cairo, and the states of which they were the capitals. The Mamelukes were not "completely annihilated" by the Turks in 1517 (p. 214), so as to appear inexplicably in the time of Napoleon I (p. 294). The account of brigandage in Macedonia omits the Serbian participation (pp. 435 ff.) as well as the frequent cooperation of the Greeks with the Turks against the Slavs. The Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of 1912 did not leave "the core of Macedonia" for subsequent disposition, but only the northern part of that region. President Wilson never agreed to the Greek demand for Bulgarian Thrace (p. 511); Bulgaria was cut off from the Aegean Sea in spite of him.

Professor Schevill will never be ranked among imperialists, nor does he value extreme nationalism. The admirable concluding discussions (pp. 520-533) reveal his adverse attitude toward the evil influence of these forces in the past history of Balkania. When account is taken also of the conservatism of the Mohammedan religion, and the feebleness of the infant League of Nations, he is driven to the verge of despair. He may be slightly premature in the statement that "The Ottoman phase of near eastern history may now be regarded as closed." But he strongly dislikes the prospect of "a new cycle of conquest"—the slow and bloody building up of another imperial dominion in the Levant, to be followed by a similar long agony of destruction. The only alternative visible to him—and does he not see rightly?—is an honorable, benevolent and effective association of the nations, which will in mercy and wisdom guide and control the fortunes of the Near East.

ALBERT HOWE LYBYER.

Fir Flower Tablets

Fir Flower Tablets: Poems translated from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough; English versions by Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $3.00.

FOR me the value and charm of Fir Flower Tablets is that it evokes China—calls forth the shining spirits of the days when the Tangs reigned in Chang An, city of Eternal Peace. Even from the centre of this askew western hemisphere one may glimpse that world of ancient far-off loveliness set down delicately here upon these "tablets of ten colors."

This charm may not be readily apparent—it has the subtlety which any form of Chinese art has, invariably. Or should one say simplicity?—and the serene quietude peculiar to the Chinese temperament? Hear Li Po in his Reply to an Unrefined Person Encountered in the Hills:

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He asks why I perch in the jade green hills.
I smile and do not answer. My heart is comfortable and at peace.
Fallen peach flowers spread out widely, widely, over the water.
It is another earth and sky, not the world of man.

The preoccupations of Chinese poetry testify always to this greater simplicity, to the quieter beauty of the civilization of which it is an expression. It is not of the crowded hours of glorious life the Tang poets loved to sing. Friendship, nostalgia, the poignancy of spring and autumn moods, a wife's longing for an absent husband, or—if it is that "thistledown in the wind," Li Tai-po singing—the delights of a congenial group of scholars with a pot of wine among flowers. Such themes occupy them. They write their

. . . . characters on pure white silk,
They are like the exquisite clouds dropped from heaven.

These men of genius had each their turn at court, too. Ming Huang, "Brilliant Emperor," and Yang Kuei-fei, most lovely of imperial concubines, are immortalized by the poets who were their friends and associates. But even there—as Tao Yuan-ming sings for all of them in Once More Fields and Gardens:

The caged bird longs for the fluttering of the high leaves,
The fish in the garden pool languishes for the whirled water
Of meeting streams.

. . . . .

I have come back to the square enclosures of my fields,
And to my walled garden with its quiet paths.

. . . . .

There is no dust or clatter
In the courtyard before my house.
My private rooms are quiet
And calm with the leisure of moonlight through an open door.

Mrs. Ayscough's Introduction gives, in a way which reveals her intimate touch with Chinese sources, the backgrounds of their poetry—historical, geographical, social and legendary. There is even a plan of a great Chinese house that the reader may understand his poets' references to "orchid doors," "golden apartments," or "eastern flower hall." A descriptive list introduces us to those glorious and grotesque creatures which inhabit the Chinese poetic imagination, the crested love pheasant, green dragons and white, and the marvelous paired-winged bird of love. All this is set down with the loving and meticulous care of one whom Old China has enthralled. Once or twice in statements regarding the poetical aptitude of the Chinese and aspects of their land, one questions whether Mrs. Ayscough reveals a slight tendency to idealization. The notes are very satisfactory—if only the story of Hsi Hsih, the most famous of Soochow beauties, had been included! But they tell of the lovely and unbelievably virtuous Lady Chao, of the Peach Blossom Fountain, Su Wu and the wild goose letter and many others which make Fir Flower Tablets a veritable Chinese Repository as well as a real book of Chinese poetry.

Miss Lowell's versions are in most cases admirable. That she can vie with the Chinese themselves in making word pictures of their own kind, she has shown before this. Indeed, one is occasionally a little puzzled at a dazzling facet of some brilliant phrase—to know whether its particular glitter is Lowell, or Tang. But even if there be, ever so rarely, a little gilding of refined gold, there is the precious stuff underneath. For bringing it out and giving it to us in beautiful form the collaborators are to be congratulated. It is an achievement worthy of scholar and of poet.

OLIVIA PRICE.

An Enchanting Tale

The Children Who Followed The Piper, by Padraic Colum, with Illustrations by Dugald Stewart Walker. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

YOU know what happened to all the rats that followed the Pied Pieper: squealing and squeaking they fell into the river and were drowned. But what about all the little children who ran after the Piper, laughing and dancing, right through the very side of the mountain? There was Philomena and Simple Simon and Meg, the ragpicker's daughter, and John-Jump-Up and Mary-Quite-Contrary, and Valentine and John Ball with his horse Baldwin who could talk, and beautiful Goldenhood. What did they find when they came to the wood of Daylightgone, and the Dark Forest, and who was the Pied Piper, anyway?

Mr. Padraic Colum has written another entrancing story for children. Very skilfully he has contrived to bring into his dramatis personae many of the little people famed in fairy tale, and some of the intriguing adventures they come upon have long been dear to the hearts of children. But much that happens you have never heard of before, and it is really very exciting, and lots of fun. For my part, I hated to leave this land of perpetual twilight, with one star dangling in the sky, and all sorts of good people to watch over you and protect you as you sleep after a day full of unguessed things.

The illustrations by Mr. Stewart Walker are exquisite. He and Mr. Colum are to be congratulated on the book they have composed.

E. S.

Contributors

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S. ADELE SHAW was until recently managing editor of the Survey. Since her return from a study of social and industrial conditions in South America this summer, she has been on the editorial staff of the New York Evening Post.

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OLIVIA PRICE has been for some years in China, teaching and writing. She is the author of The Middle Country, to be brought out this spring, and of a Chinese play which is now in rehearsal in New York.

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